

INTERNATIONAL

**H&E**

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**READERS'  
PHOTO  
CONTEST**

**NEWS  
FROM  
FRANCE  
AFRICA  
IRELAND**

**THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING NATURIST MAGAZINE  
NOW IN ITS 81st YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION**

**NUDIST HOTEL IN  
SOUTH BRITAIN**







**Arm in arm we welcome our naturist friends**

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## THE 81st YEAR OF CONTINUOUS PUBLICATION

*Health and Efficiency was established in 1900 and has incorporated Sunbathing Review and Vim. The magazine is entirely free of any connection with, and is not influenced by, national associations, clubs or other organisations.*

*We publish news, views and reflections on the nudist scene. We look beyond the clubs to the evolving world where social nudity on the beaches and in our homes is affecting our modes, mores and morals. All are grist to the mill.*

*We believe in the cause of social nakedness and as such consider it our duty to promote its acceptance universally. Our propaganda both by word and picture is designed for total honesty of expression but at all times within the bounds of propriety. This magazine is entirely independent. The views expressed in literary contributions are not necessarily those of the Editor.*

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### EDITORIAL

## REVISE THE LAW

Every country in Europe has laws against nudity in public. They vary from place to place but the end result is the same — nudity is obscene or indecent and punishable.

The laws come from the idea that nudity leads to sex and that sex is evil. This in turn originated from medieval madness and can be tolerated no longer. These hurtful and outdated laws must be swept away. In my opinion it is no use reforming the law. No use modifying the wording. No point in trying to make the law less painful. There is only one answer — REPEAL.

Concurrent with Europe's desire for nude freedom on the beaches must go a campaign to abolish the laws that prevent it.

When the law makes an ass of itself it gains only contempt. In one part of Britain, for instance, the law means that women may sunbathe and swim naked, while men must cover up to swim beside them. This madness makes a laughing stock of the law makers.

Let us make the 1980s the decade when we end the guilt, suspicion and fear so long associated with nakedness. We have the will and the time is right.

Murray Wren (Editor)

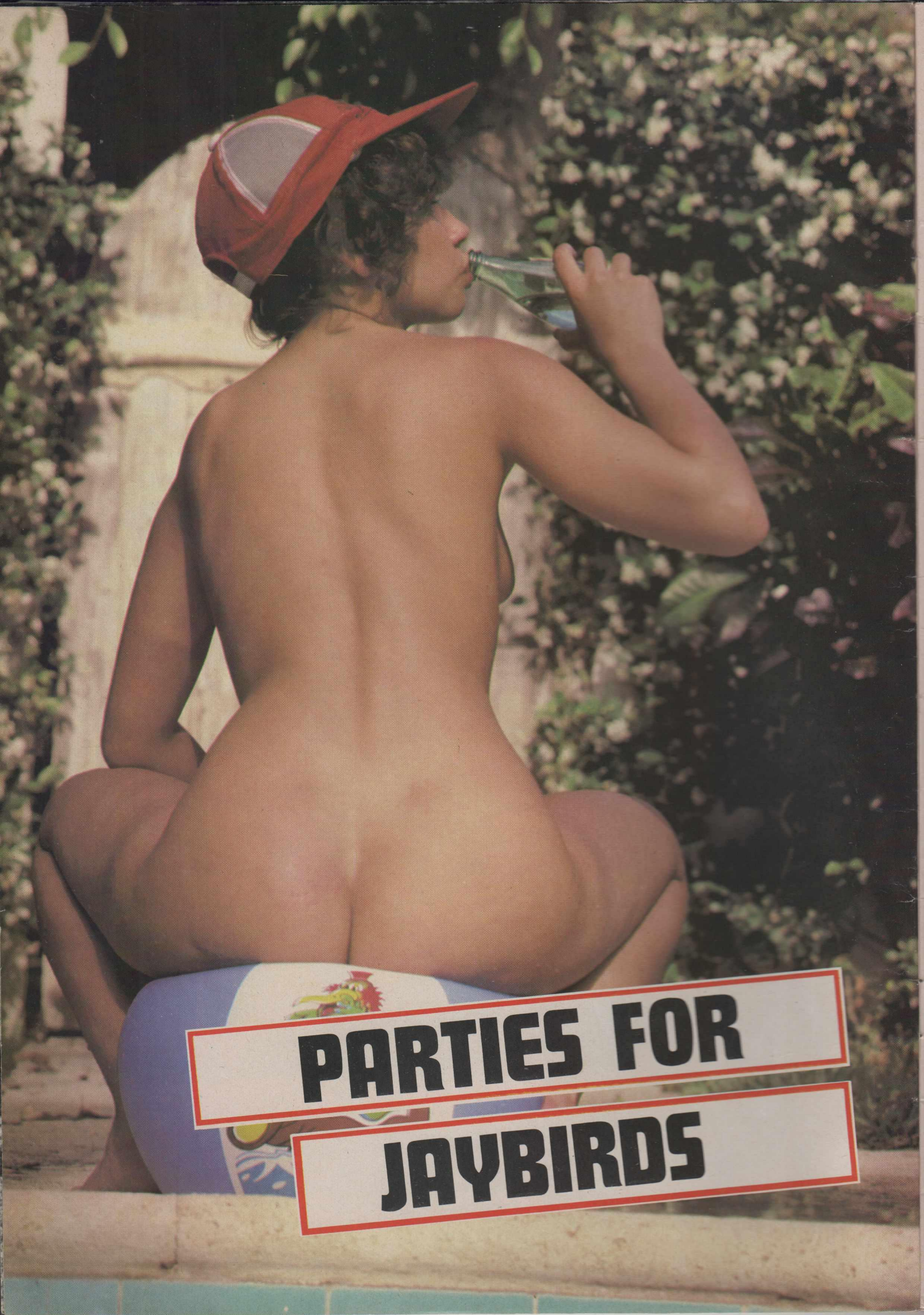


## Next Month

## OUR NUDIST HOLIDAYS

As regular readers will know, H. & E. this year sponsored a couple of nudist holidays in Yugoslavia. We stayed at a textile hotel at Porec in Yugoslavia. The guests were free to make use of nearby nudist beaches as and when they desired. There was no compulsion. Do as you will was the guiding principle. Next month we hope to bring you the first report on these holidays. At the same time we bring you all the latest and best in naturist journalism.





**PARTIES FOR**

**JAYBIRDS**



Jaybirds sounds a funny name for naturists, but it comes from the saying 'naked as a jaybird.' So our Canadian correspondent Petra Massalany tells us. The latest thing in Canada is nudist parties. Petra explains to us how the custom started and exactly what goes on. Is it in the spirit of true naturism? That is the question much debated at these parties. Yet the debates don't seem to interfere with the drinking and the dancing!

**H**OW did nude indoor parties get started? Outdoors, of course.

For several years I've enjoyed nude swimming and sunbathing at local abandoned rock quarries and sand-pits. These have filled with water and formed small lakes. During the summer many people go nude there and it was where I met my lovely Klaus.

'Textiles' go there as well, and are on excellent terms with the 'Nudies,' yet over the years the 'Nudies' or 'jaybirds' have formed even closer friendships and relationships. Klaus and I formed a circle of close friends who were predominantly nudists. Picnics are held, birthdays celebrated. Week-end get-togethers and sing-songs (I play the guitar) are held.

Last August some friends of ours got engaged and our 'Nude Quarry Gang' arranged for an engagement party at the quarry. We had wine, champagne, lots of food, music to dance to and beautiful sunshine. Two weeks later we celebrated a friend's birthday in the same style.

Now comes the other side of the coin. We have in Canada only 3 or 4 months in the summer when we can have parties outdoors and in the nude. What about me? My birthday is in November!

We decided that instead of dull textile parties during the cold season we would move our summer parties indoors. I celebrated my birthday in my birthday suit! Friends arranged the party at their house, dress optional, and over thirty people came.

I must admit, however, that outdoor parties are more spontaneous and natural. Many people who have no inhibitions about being naked in a natural outdoor activity admit having hang-ups about a nude party. So at the start of the evening many people found comfort in a piece of clothing. (I personally am







and I were getting ready for the party. We had chosen a Mexican theme. I put on black boots, a soft leather decorative belt and a sombrero, a souvenir from a trip to Mexico. Klaus inspected me.

'You look real cute, Petra. If the early Mexicans could see you, they would really flip! I wonder if the señoritas looked as smooth as you do?' he laughed, making reference to my lack of pubic hair. Both Klaus and I shave and we take some kidding from our friends about it.

'Klaus, let me look at you' I said. He looked good in his Mexican outfit. Black cowboy boots with spurs, a Mexican-type gun-belt around his hips, with a water pistol in the holster. That sombrero suited him.

When we arrived at the party some of the guests were already gathered round the rum-punch bowl.

'Come on in and try the punch,' Bob greeted us. Soon we were talking to old friends and meeting new people. I had not met Liz and Anna, two Phillipino girls, before. They wore moccasins and feather headbands.

'You really look like Indian maidens' I said to them. Liz gave me a warm smile and replied 'I'm glad you're here, Petra. I feel better now I see we're not the only ones without pubic hair.' She told me that she and Anna had very little natural hair growth and found it very easy to keep underarms and pubic hair areas free of hair. The two girls were very popular with 'our boys' that evening, especially when they found out they had come without escorts!

Everybody had arrived and sampled the punch. The early 'nerves' had worn off and people started to mingle.

quite comfortable being naked at any time, and so is Klaus.)

I wore a sash around my waist. The other girls started out just topless. Some wore a beach jacket, or a negligée. The men started with just jeans or sarongs.

As the evening progressed, and cocktails and wine took their effect, the jeans and skirts came off and it was a real 'jaybird' party. We danced and discoed, ate snacks, or just sat around and talked just like at any other party. And, of course, it was natural that there were sexual intonations.

However, I have never attended a jaybird party where sexual activities took place. That was just a 'no-no.' But I have seen a couple disappear for an hour or two. Maybe they just rested!

One Sunday afternoon the following summer a group of us celebrated a friend's birthday at the nearby nude beach. The birthday girl (in her birthday suit!) said 'Isn't it so much more fun to have a party in the nude? I dread the long winter!'

Klaus suggested: 'Let's have a mid-winter break and have a

party just like this during December or January?'

'I have an idea,' said Bob. 'We'll have a New Year's Eve party at my house.'

'Great idea!' I shouted. 'Who wants to come?'

Everybody did. We laid plans that afternoon. Louise, a long-legged beauty, said 'You know people usually wear crazy hats at New Year. We should decorate

## We had wine, champagne and beautiful sunshine.

ourselves to add some colour.'

'Great,' I replied. 'If everybody is nude, though, only decorative things can be worn.'

'Let's make the theme 'Early America,' Louise went on. 'We can wear cowboy hats or feathers, or moccasins. That would represent people of Early America.'

So a few months later Klaus





'Listen everybody!' Bob announced. 'Before we start the dance music let's have a contest for the best costume and choose a 'couple of the evening!' This was greeted by 'Yeah, yeah!' by the boys and 'Oh no!' by the girls. For the sake of the contest couples had to switch partners.

## Outdoor parties are more spontaneous and natural.

Two big chairs were arranged into a make-shift stage in the middle of the room. Bob and I went first and we did some comic

posing for everybody. There were whistles and cheers. But Klaus and Louise were chosen as the best-looking couple. They had to get up on the stage again to receive their prize, a bottle of champagne.

'Share out your prize!' someone shouted and Klaus filled our glasses.

Some souples were dancing in the recreation room but a few of the men congregated round the bar. Their laughter meant only one thing.

'They're probably telling stories not suited for our 'delicate'' said Wendy.

'Let's split them up,' suggested Louise.

We went up to them. I took Klaus by the hand. 'Let's dance, Klaus.'

'This music is just my speed' Klaus said as we walked towards the small dance floor. Soon we



were dancing to the tune of a sentimental song from the 60's. I enjoy dancing in the nude.

The music changed and soon we were gyrating to the wild rhythm of the disco. Someone shouted 'Let's dance the Conga!' We 'snaked' our way around the house. People joined on as we went through the rooms.

Later on a buffet meal was served. People were sitting on the floor, on couches and chairs, with plates on laps, eating delicious cold cuts, potato salad, cheeses and drinking wine. I joined a group in which a lively discussion was going on.

Otto, our elder statesman of our nudist group, started an interesting exchange of ideas. Otto represents what we here

consider the traditional Germanic nudist point of view. Nudists don't drink, smoke or hold parties such as this.

'Well, Otto,' I said. 'Why are you here?'

'Because you are a nice bunch of people and I enjoy myself in your company, but don't call this nudism!'

'O.K. Otto' replied Liz. 'Let's call it a party of nude people. What's wrong with that?'

'Nothing, I guess' was all Otto could answer.

Anna asked: 'Where does nudism finish and a party like this begin?'

About five of us started to give our views at once. Finally, Otto came to me and said 'Petra, do you consider yourself a





nudist?' That tall question took a little thinking.

'It depends on the definition of nudist' I said. I like living naked, whenever and wherever possible. I do all the things clothed people do or wished they could do.'

'Come on, Petra, you have to be more specific than that' countered Otto.

'Have you ever observed couples on a nudist beach when they apply sun-tan lotion to each other? They don't usually touch the breasts or sexual organs of their partner. Why not? Are those parts of the body untouchable by a member of the opposite sex in public?'

'Bravo!' exclaimed Anna. 'I feel the same way. In many nudist clubs sex is an out-and-out taboo. There is more sexual excitement on any textile beach. Just like this party tonight, isn't sex part of it? I hope so and I can see that Klaus and some of the other men like it that way. I'm glad that men cannot hide their feelings!'

I looked over to Klaus and he winked back at me. 'It's time for a dance,' he said. It's such a pleasure to see the loving in his eyes.

A hand touched my shoulder.





It was Liz. 'Come on, Petra, you must share your man at least for a dance.' With that she pulled Klaus away. There was a moment of jealousy in me when I saw Liz, many years my junior, pressing her slim body against Klaus. I could see he liked it!

I walked over to him. 'Liz brings out the best in you, doesn't she?'

'Don't worry, Petra, you know that I will save it for us later on!'

We never resolved whether a party such as this can be considered part of nudism. But does it matter?

At midnight we all got together in the big room with the fireplace, linked arms and sang Auld Lang Syne. We toasted the New Year, we embraced and kissed.

The dancing continued and at about 2.0 a.m. Bob and I sat down with our guitars. This was the highlight of the evening for me. We had a beautiful sing-along. By this time most people had removed their 'theme-decorations' and we were a group of very happy, naked people. Although the influence of wine, champagne and rum-punch was beginning to show.

It was 4.30 a.m. on January 1st when Klaus and I left the party for home. Now we were alone. We knew our love-making would be beautiful. What a way to start the New Year!









# VISIONS BY THE LAKESIDE

Naturism means many things to different people. To some, maybe to most, it's simply a sensible way of enjoying the open air. But to Lorna, being naked is full of mystery and magic. She quotes from legends and poetry. For women to go nude, she argues, brings a new dimension to their lives and allows them to shake off hundreds of years of patriarchal thinking and conditioning. Sounds like strong stuff? That's what we thought! But all the same, we hope you'll read what Lorna has to say.

**E**VERY time I see a picture of beautiful countryside I sort of translate it in my mind. I either put figures in the landscape (and that means naked figures) or else I take off the clothes already there!

A conventional beach scene, for example, always looks weird to me. So mentally, I take all the

swimming costumes off. Ah, that's better! Now the scene looks real and true.

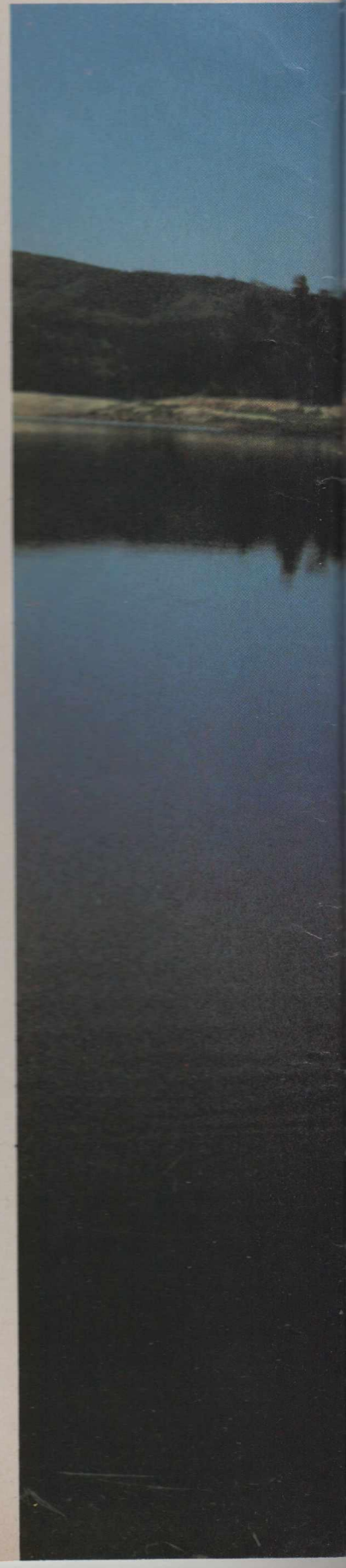
It started with beaches and then progressed to scenes by rivers and lakes, then mountains, then farms. (In my mind I let everyone stay dressed on a street, of course. Streets just aren't in my scheme of things.)





The thing about my visions is that all the people in them are women. Naked women, walking about with their heads held high. They are proud of their bodies. A woman's body is not to be hidden away, made disgusting.

Because this is what usually happens. A woman is made to feel ashamed of that beautiful cleft between her legs. She's taught that at costs she must keep





it hidden.

Her breasts, too, must be kept hidden, although she may push them into unnatural shapes to attract men—that is permissible. No wonder some women are so ashamed of having breasts. Some ladies can't even bring themselves to feed their own babies. They say that the baby sucking feels 'unnatural!' That's how much the patriarchal society has

perverted women.

I'm not talking about the other side of the coin either—women undressed to excite men. This is twisting the knife in the wound, of being called shameful.

Now naturist women don't pander to any of all that. They go naked because they've realised a new truth about the state of womanhood. And I can best show you what I mean by dipping

into legend.

Has anyone read Tannysen's poem *The Lady of Shallott*? The story goes like this:

The lady is shut up in a tower, weaving. She knows that a curse is on her and she must carry on weaving. She must on no account look out of her window. Instead, a mirror opposite the window shows her images of the world outside. 'I am half sick of

shadows' said the Lady of Shallott.

For in the outside world people are walking up and down the road to Camelot. She sees images of pages and merchants, milkmaids and farmworkers, servant-girls all enjoying life. Knights in armour ride past. 'She hath no loyal knight and true.'

So she weaves away until she sees the shadow of Sir Lancelot





in the mirror. Suddenly she risks everything for a glimpse of reality. 'She left the web, she left the room. She made 3 paces through the room. She looked down to Camelot.'

Ah! The Lady had her vision, too. She saw the world as it really is. She saw crystal-clear colours, she saw everything in sharp outline. Suddenly she knew the truth.

She risked everything for a glimpse of Sir Lancelot. She paid the price.. 'The mirror cracked from side to side. Out flew the web and floated wide.'

She went down to the river and found a boat. She cast herself adrift towards Camelot. She lay down and sang softly to herself—and died. This was her reward for looking too hard, wanting too much.



But guess what! Sir Lancelot was down in Camelot and he saw her, cold and beautiful in death. he said 'She had a lovely face.'

Is this supposed to make the story o.k.? We women used to be punished if we looked too closely at men and life. If we were physically beautiful we got the consolation prize of some guy somewhere, thinking we were pretty! Great stuff!

Now the 'eighties are here. For the first time women are sticking up for themselves. They are demanding to join in the real world, to see life as it really is.

We're seeing through the position society has put us in. We're seeing through the old myths. We're seeing we have nothing to be ashamed of, that we've no need to hide. We can reach out and take life by the horns.

Because, of course, as soon as we go naked we break a great male-imposed taboo. As we live through the experience, and see what humbug as restriction was, we look at the world in a new light. We become not only free-thinking, but free.

Tommy-rot? Maybe. But women are treated with far more respect within the naturist movement than outside it.

For the first time women are able to walk about naked and not be considered shameful—neither be accused of inflaming men's passions.

That's why it's particularly important for women to take off their clothes. And why I'm sure my visions of the future will come true.











# TAKING

# THE

# TREATMENT

Have you ever wondered what goes on in a Naturopathic Clinic? What's more to the point, does the treatment work? Fred Collins paid a visit to one. Although he suffered, the treatment restored him to his prime — and also had a surprising effect on his love-life! Or could it have been all the nude swimming?



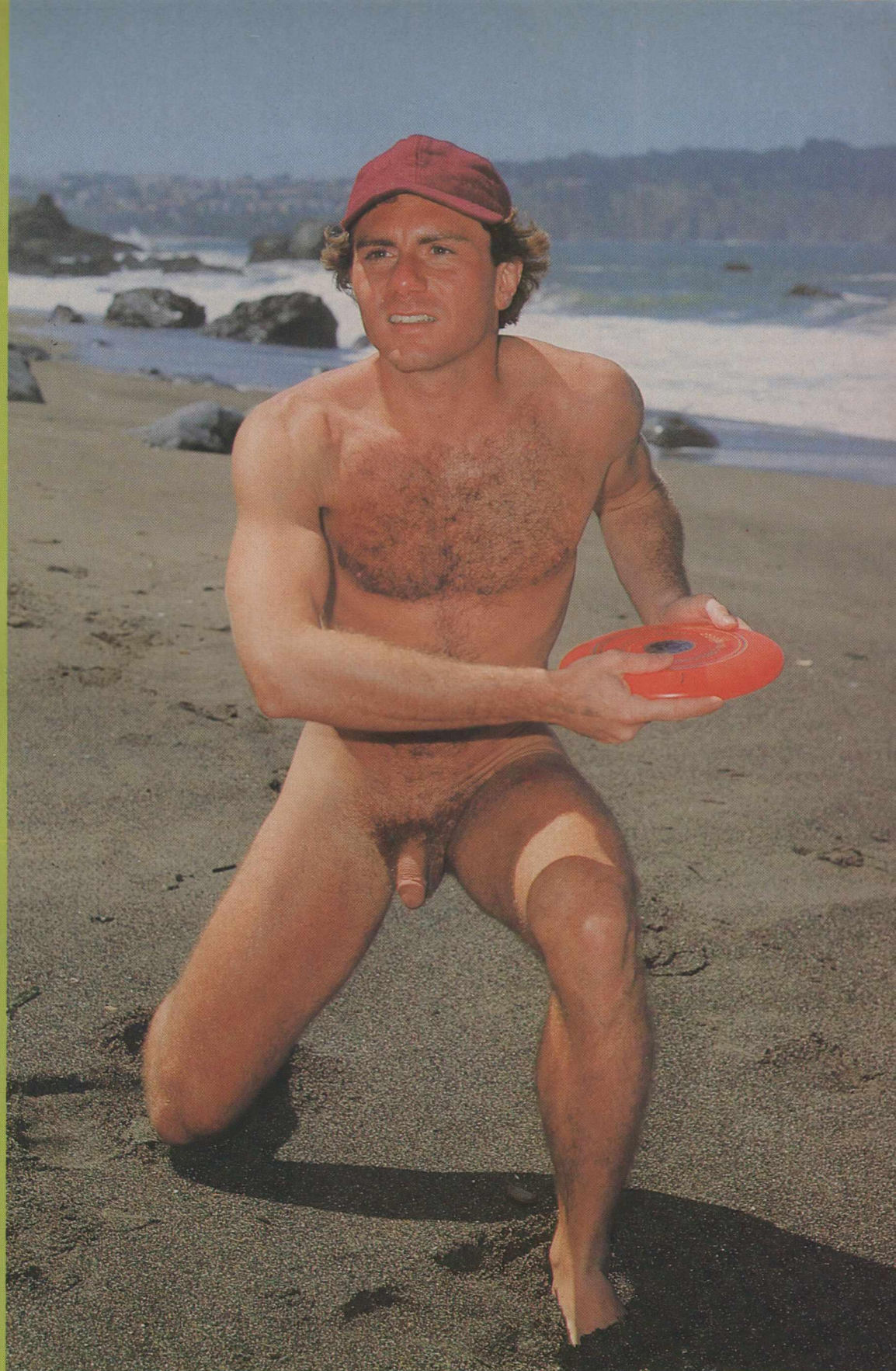


THE practice of Naturopathy differs in many respects from the practice of orthodox medicine. Like many good things, it came from the United States and represents an approach to disease (or, as it would prefer to express it, to health), vague enough to be of great help to its enthusiasts! In short—they cure you the natural way, whatever that is.

Five or six years ago, after a nasty bout of surgery (they made out my death certificate in all particulars except the date) and a long period in bed, my lady urged me to go for a course of treatment at the Naturopathic Clinic.

As far as I could discover, its connection with Nature came from the discovery by the Director that when animals (who are presumably models of natural living) are sick, they refuse to eat. He promptly complied with Nature by starving all the patients for their first week of treatment and feeding them precious little for the remainder of their stay.

Like the prospect of execution is supposed to do, it concentrates the mind wonderfully. Ailments were forgotten. No one talked about anything but food, for



the same reason that soldiers in the Desert talked of nothing but sex.

'Treatment' went on continuously. Money saved on rations was spent liberally on providing patients with every aspect of massage, osteopathy, hydrotherapy, acupuncture and Lord-knows-what. After one had been pummelled, twisted, stretched, boiled, baked, roasted and generally contorted, one certainly felt very different.

Nor was the mental stage neglected. After a day spent in various 'torture-chambers,' evenings were spent being brain-washed with odd theories of anatomy, physiology, hygiene and philosophy. Having been softened up during the day, we were easy meat at night. Before long we were enthusiastic about all sorts of schools of thought and practice that a week before would have surprised if not alarmed us.

When I returned to the outside world (I survived the course!) everyone said how different I looked. I certainly felt different, at least in those parts that had feeling left! I wondered what would have been the reactions of a polar bear or Bengal tiger, or any other paragon of natural living, if when sick it had spent a fortnight at the Naturopathic Clinic.

However, time softens all' A few months ago my lady sug-



gested that she was visiting the Clinic and asked me to go with her. By now her whim was my command, so I had no option.

Meanwhile, the clinic had not stood still. Without in any way spoiling the views, a swimming-pool had been built. During the day this was used for treatment (patients doing exercises in the water) and early morning and evening it was there for recreational swimming. Treatment sessions were for men and women separately, but the pleasure sessions were mixed.

Now it was made quite clear during the treatment sessions that costumes were optional. As far as the men were concerned, only one wore a costume in treatment and he was a peculiar chap anyway.

Nude bathing was quite a step forward for the clinic. I wonder if it is always realised in naturist circles that in the outer world people do not like appearing naked in front of their own sex, never mind the opposite sex. True, some groups such as ex-Servicemen, ex-convicts and others who have been kicked around have had this inhibition

broken down. It is surprising how strong it is amongst the rest. However, the 'medical' background of the clinic was strong enough to overcome the reluctance of the shy, especially when they found themselves among the minority.

My lady told me that about half of the ladies wore costumes. It seemed largely a matter of class, as those with working-class accents (this was the only thing to judge by) were more reluctant to go naked. She also told me that about half the nude ladies also removed their pubic hair, and this was unusual among the younger women under forty. It seems the older ones got used to removing the hair when it was fashionable to do so, but this is only opinion on my part.

We discussed whether we should bathe nude at a mixed session—nothing had been said by the clinic. My lady had bathed nude in the sea in the South of France, and found it so enjoyable she was keen to do it again, albeit in a swimming pool. Although instructors of both sexes were present at treatment sessions, still we had no wish to



## Would Polar bears and Bengal tigers have taken the treatment? Read on!

offend anyone.

But the next morning we went down to the pool early and found ourselves alone there. Hurrah! I removed my costume and placed it at the side of the pool. My lady did the same at the opposite end. We slid into the water and swam towards each other. We each left smooth ripples behind us in the still water. How blissful it was!

After a while two ladies entered in costume and stood at the end of the pool, right over my discarded trunks. I could not leave the water without revealing my nakedness! As nonchalantly as I could muster, I swam to the far end of the pool where the towels were hanging and took down a large towel. I hung it over my shoulder, from where I trusted it concealed the 'forbidden area' and made my way casually to where the two ladies stood over my costume.

As I approached one said to me archly 'For a moment I thought you were in the nude. Oh dear,' she squealed, 'you are!'

The towel strategy had clearly failed!

'I trust Madam,' I said, 'that I have given you no offence.'

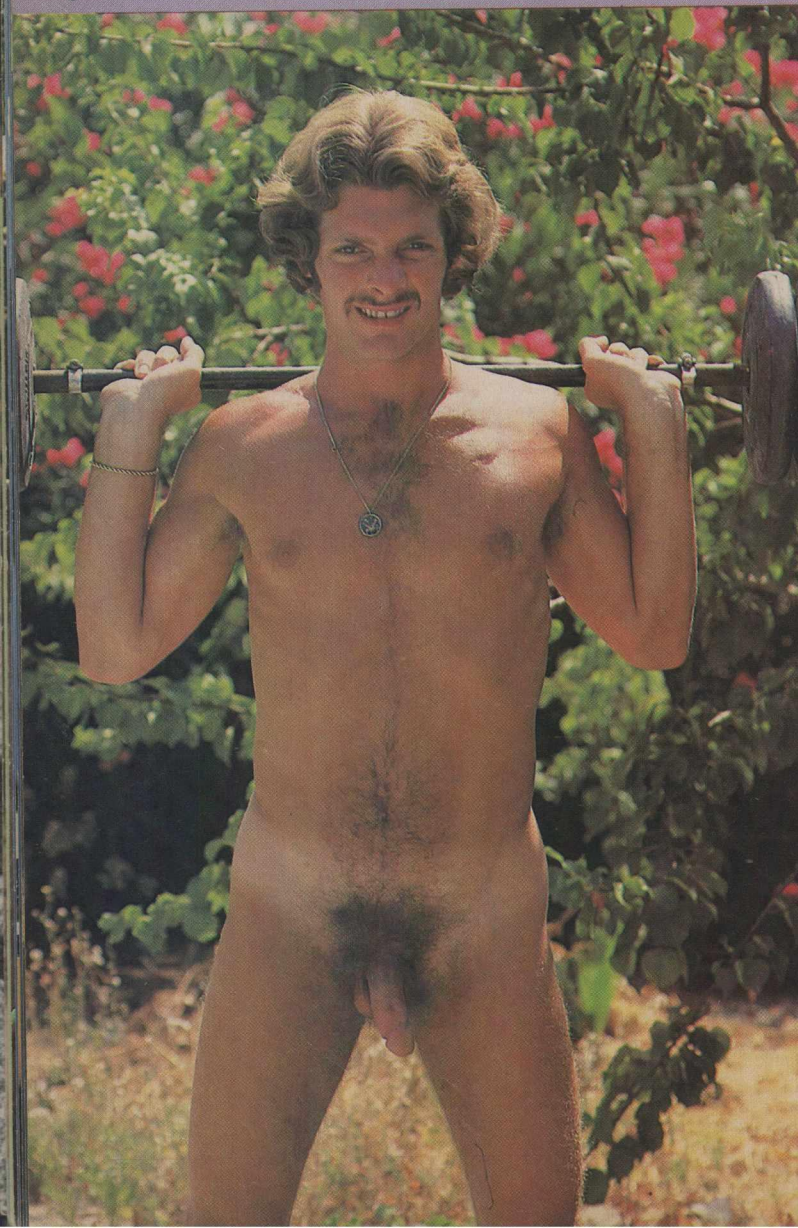
'Oh no, of course not!'

My lady told me later that through the curtain of the cubicle she had heard this lady regale another with details of the incident. She obviously took much pleasure from it.

Our visit at the clinic was ending. The Consultant told me before I left that if I wished my life to be of any duration or happiness I would have to abide by a regimen that excluded all enjoyment—or (as I found out later) nearly all.

No drink—not only nothing alcoholic, but neither tea nor coffee, nor even citrus fruit-juice—constraints shared by the polar bear and the Bengal tiger. A minimum of food—no red meat, no sugar, no spice, in fact nothing to make little girls of.

I was reminded of the life of the Wahabi, a tribe of Bedouin Arabs on the border of whose





country (where Saudi Arabia meets Iraq) I once stayed. These people adopt a similar diet, among other reasons, because they believe it improves their sex-life. After a couple of months of enforced compliance I was bound to admit there was something in their claim.

I had previously admitted to myself that I had arrived at the Age of Impotence. While I was sorry for myself, I did not brood about it.

But after a week or so of my Spartan regimen, it became clear that my powers were returning! My lady was happy to permit me to try them out with her. The results were such that if I tell of them I should never expect another word of mine to be believed again! But I am not complaining.

Nor is my lady. In fact, she is reluctant to let me out of her sight! But she is very beautiful, after the 1930's film star pattern. I have to fight off young men half my age, which thanks to the polar bear and Bengal tiger regimen, I am quite capable of doing. The Wahabi are quite ferocious as well:

I recommend a visit to a Naturopathy Clinic wholeheartedly and without reserve!





**I** WAS given explicit directions. Drive along the main road until I came to a certain signpost. Turn left. Drive on for six kilometres until I came to a narrow lane on my left. Wait there.

The day was hot. I followed the instructions given me and waited at the appointed spot on the map. Eventually a gentleman approached from the lane. The moment of my introduction to a sun club drew nearer.

My identity was checked. The gentleman who introduced himself as the sun club's secretary said they couldn't be too careful. 'They' presumably were the officials of the sun club that had granted me a trial visit.

The club secretary entered my car and we drove down the narrow lane. The potholes threatened to wreck my car's suspension system. The man by my side spoke hardly one word. I felt like a trespasser.

As we drove I became aware of an increasing noise. Human, not mechanical. By the time we'd reached some heavy wooden gates I was convinced I was

entering Hades. That noise! Humans shrieking their heads off. Maniacal laughter. Childish cries bordering on hysteria.

'What on earth is going on?' I asked.

'Oh,' said the club secretary, 'it's our annual sports day.'

Producing a huge key from his pocket, my guide unlocked the

gates. I drove through and parked my car among others. We proceeded through a wooded path and came upon a clearing. What I saw in that clearing will haunt me for the rest of my days.

There were several lines of naked men, women and children. Each line were passing a bucket of water backwards over their

heads. To the accompaniment of cries of anguish, encouragement or horror. I wasn't sure which.

Can you imagine a more horrendous introduction to naturism? A nervous newcomer happening upon a gathering of naked human beings who had obviously taken leave of their senses. As had the club secretary

# HOW DO YOU WELCOME NEWCOMERS?





**How to welcome the new member — and how to keep him. This problem bothers both club secretaries and members, especially when they need members and find beginners paying them one visit and never returning. What can be done? George Mann, recalling his own nearly disastrous introduction to naturism, gives good advice.**

in arranging a trial visit for me on sports day!

My guide left me to my own thoughts as he quickly disappeared. To reappear seconds later minus his clothes to join the frenzied activity in the clearing. I sat on a ramshackle bench outside an even more ramshackle hut and stared in disbelief. I couldn't escape as the gates had been locked behind me. Though I would have fled if it had been possible.

Miserably I sat there. If this was a sun club I wanted no part of it. Some curious glances were directed at the only clothed person there. Me. Nobody spoke to me, nobody introduced themselves. I sat and watched other sporting activity even sillier than the water bucket nonsense.

I'd just made up my mind to ram the locked gates with my car and escape when a lady detached herself from the running, jumping, hopping, skipping multitude. She sat beside me on the tottery bench. 'Isn't it fun!' she said.

No, madam. It wasn't fun. Not for me. It was an experience I'd much rather forget. But never can.

Which brings me to the point I wish to make. Regarding introductions to naturism. And to sun clubs in particular. I am going to relate one other instance of an introduction to a sun club before suggesting how newcomers might be more considerately treated.

Fortunately I soon realised that my own introduction was an exception. But I do know that far more consideration—intelligent consideration—could be shown newcomers.

The other instance I wish to mention concerned a family. A man, his wife and two lovely children. Years after my own first—and nearly last—visit to a sun club I saw the family standing apart from all the natu-





rists present. Their almost snow white bodies proclaimed them newcomers.

I went over to the newcomers and introduced myself. Then invited them to join me and some of my friends. Their gratitude was obvious. Why had they been standing alone? Because some people, sun club officials in particular, make what I feel is a fundamental mistake. The mis-

take of thinking that newcomers to naturism are best left to themselves. That they find it easier to make themselves at ease in their own way and in their own time.

Nothing can be further from the truth. People on a trial visit or on their first day as new members should never be left alone. I am not suggesting that they should be dragooned into joining games. Organised or dis-

organised. What newcomers need more than anything else is that people should *talk with them*.

Therefore, I ask sun club officials, and naturists in general, to be especially kind and courteous to newcomers. I know how people react when I say to them 'Hello! You're new here, aren't you? How nice to have you wish us!' Say something like

that, hold out your hand and you will find it grasped in friendship. And in gratitude.

Of course some people are shy. And do not find it easy to approach strangers. That I understand. What I don't understand is how some people can be given committee membership if they cannot put strangers at their ease. It does happen. And it is something that should be guarded against.

In my own country—England—we sometimes talk jokingly about what people should do if they want to be alone. Join a tennis club! The joke is supposed to encapsulate what is known as English reserve. A distrust of strangers. But reserve can be most distressing to emergent naturists.

We are all naturally apprehensive when we enter a strange new world. At work or in our social life we need to be 'one of the boys.' Or 'one of the girls.' When we first appear naked among others we need to be *immediately* accepted. It is vital to peace of mind.

I am well aware that there are many sun club officials who do their best to make newcomers welcome. And I am also aware that some do not. I have seen a committee man walk past obvious new arrivals without saying a single word. On that occasion I spoke to the new naturists. And I also spoke to the committee man. I doubt if he's forgotten my words.

You may feel that it is up to newcomers to make themselves known. Not so. When people make so fundamental a change in lifestyle—which naturism is—they need help. Experienced naturists are inclined to forget their own initiation. To them social nudity has become perfectly normal. But it is far from normal for the initiates. They cannot help but feel self-conscious and very vulnerable.

Those who make up their mind to try naturism by visiting a free beach or naturist holiday resort aren't entering a closed community. Those seeking sun club membership are. There is a world of difference between a sun club and free beach.

What can be done to ensure that newcomers to sun clubs are made to feel welcome? I think sun clubs should appoint a couple—not one individual—to introduce potential new members. And to arrange a first visit for a quiet, peaceful day. To act as would a host and hostess in everyday polite society. *Noblesse oblige!*

It is quite unforgivable to leave initiates alone and palely loiter-







## 'I sat on a ramshackle bench outside a ramshackle hut and stared in disbelief.'

ing. It is just as unforgivable to go to the other extreme. To say to a nervous tyro—'Now, come along! Off with your clothes! No need to be embarrassed. We're all friends here!' That approach only serves to increase embarrassment.

People on a trial visit to a sun club should never be asked to divest themselves of a single

stitch. They should be courteously shown around. Offered refreshment with the compliments of the club. Told that they are welcome to sunbathe, swim or wander about undressed if they so choose.

I beg that new arrivals be allowed to *slowly* appreciate that social nudity has much to offer. Some will adapt more readily

than others. And a word to the more boisterous club members—every club has them!—would not come amiss.

If newcomers do undress completely on a first visit I trust that personal remarks will be avoided. I have heard silly things said. Remarks about 'soon having you brown all over' or 'those bikini marks will have to go.' Even if made jocularly such remarks can cause offence.

At long last naturism is really beginning to become generally acceptable. There is a much healthier attitude towards social nudity. And I am concerned that the momentum be maintained. Why? Because I want everybody to enjoy naturism as much as I do. And to enjoy its many

benefits.

Please make special efforts to welcome newcomers. If we do that the newcomers, in their turn, will tell others. And our numbers will multiply. The more naturists there are the more quickly we will get free beaches and leisure centres.

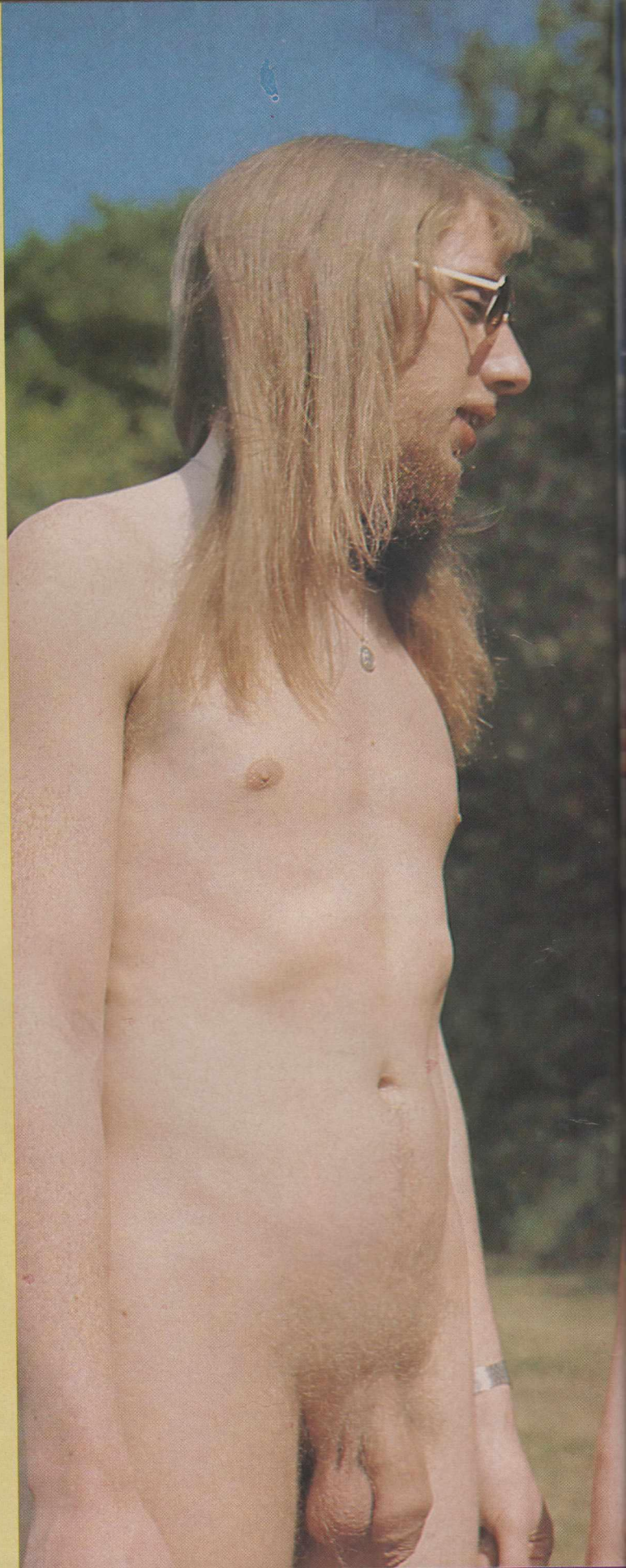
Quite honestly many naturists could preach what they practice more openly than they do. To be a secret naturist is really a form of selfishness.

If we are to break down narrow-minded and hypocritical attitudes there is no better way than taking every precaution to ensure that newcomers are made really welcome. That is a naturist responsibility.





This month Susan Mayfield gives advice to a fellow with a thing about collecting erotic pictures of girls for his album; another who wants to know how he can find models to paint and still another who would like to appear in H.&E. Finally, a sympathetic word for a student 'nuts' about his cousin and a wise word or two on nudity on the stage.



**V**ICTORIAN artists were very fond of painting pictures representing Sacred and Profane Love.

The sacred side of the picture usually showed a beautiful young maiden, her eyes raised piously to heaven, sitting bolt upright and dressed in long flowing robes, fully covering her. Yet somehow the robes fell against her so you could tell she was every inch a woman.

The profane image represented physical love. The young lady would be plump and rounded and laying sprawled, opulent, lazy and naked, over equally plump cushions. Her expression was, of course, suitably sated and decadent.

The Victorians liked to imagine that human beings could be nearly split in half. The idea was to encourage your spiritual nature and firmly suppress your physical instincts. One was good and the other was evil.

Now we have psychologists. And, for better or worse, we're well aware that each of us is a complete personality. You are your body, and the natural satisfaction of your needs, rather than the fanatical denial of them, leads to mental health and happiness.

Or does this attitude take the joy out of wickedness? For the fascination of the nude image

remains. A young New Zealander writes:

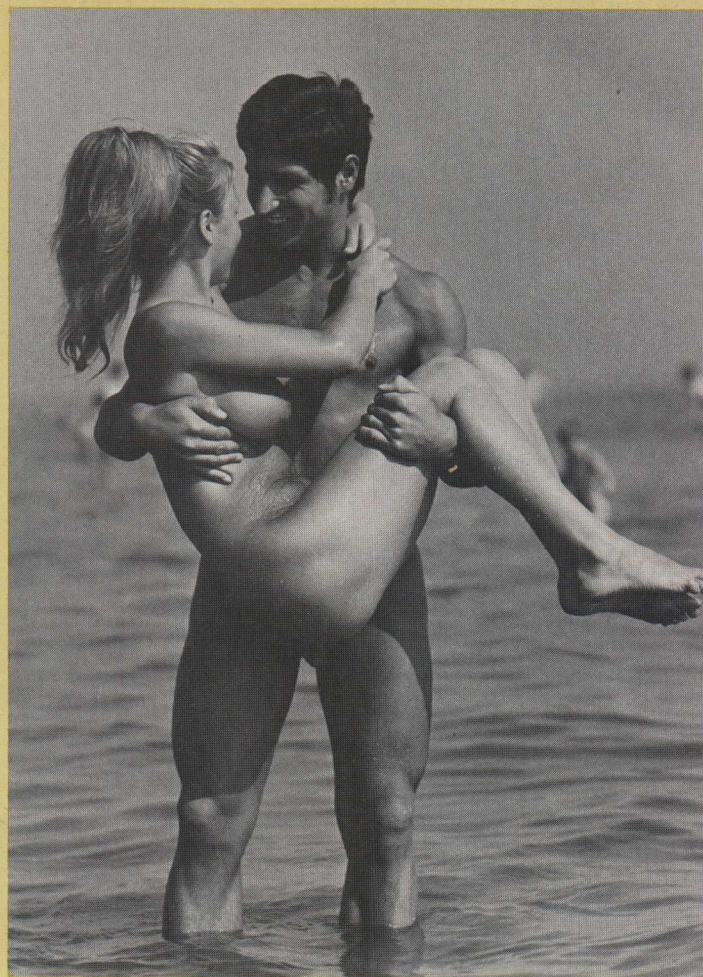
*'I bought myself some quality photos from a studio, of two beautiful girl models. I've always wanted to own photos like these. They are of a highly personal interest, so I am getting a special album for them. I don't let many people know about them. The studio was legal, but a narrow-minded person would force its closure. I am still waiting to continue nudism in a club. It's the only way to show my interest in the naked human body and to keep a healthy interest in sex. These photos are my appreciation of what is good, even though others object. I thought I'd tell you about my private self. I have taken another step towards being a broad-minded adult, able to bring into the world healthy nudist children.'*

Collecting erotic photos doesn't seem very adult or broad-minded to me. I suppose a photo is more fascinating than a painting because someone must have actually done it—whatever it was!—for the image to be in existence.

You seem to think you are doing something really different and exciting by looking at your pictures. It would be much better for you to be at the sun club, getting a *really* healthy attitude towards the human form.

# SACRED and





Some of us are still self-conscious about the implications of nudity. A letter from South London:

*'I am a professional portrait and figure artist and have been trying to solve a problem for years, without success. How do you approach a girl and ask her to model for you without being thought a sex maniac? Professional models lack a freshness and seem reluctant to break from the classic poses. I might add that the present trend of showing all in the widest sense is of no interest to me—pictures like that are not the type people like to hang in their houses. One cannot advertise for models in the local papers or you have undesirable types turning up at your front door. The only life models I have been able to use have been friends of my daughters. They admitted they felt embarrassed to begin with, but when they realised I was only interested in producing pictures, they felt secure and enjoyed the experience, at the same time earning*

*some extra money. But now my daughters have left home, where do I find more models?'*

Are you a naturist? If not, I suggest you become one.

Reading between the lines of your letter, I can tell that what you want is to have a look at the people you paint before they pose for you. You also like to paint people that you know, who will pose for the fun of it. So you must move among people for whom the nude state is nothing new. Of course they will not think you a sex maniac, if you don't think that of yourself. And who knows, you may get known in the club for your painting skills, and end up getting commissions!

And now, a couple of male would-be models. The first writes from Greece:

*'How can one appear in your magazine, i.e., on a picture. Do we send photographs or do you take photographs? I should be very grateful if you could give me some advice on this matter.'*

# PROFANE





**The real thing—so much better than a set of pictures.**

And the second from the Midlands:

*'I am 35, single, and live with my Mum and Dad. I do not seem to have much confidence in myself, though I am not shy of going in the nude. It's just that I get embarrassed and start flushing. Could you let me know how all those good people get in H.&E.? Are they models? I would like to be in it myself—must fancy my chances! I have not had my photo in a magazine before. I have enclosed a photo of myself as I think it's better if you can see what someone looks like. It would be better if you could see someone on the telephone as people don't always look like you imagine.'*

Heavens! I would never be able to answer the phone in curlers!

On your photo you look

perfectly presentable and not at all shy. Why don't you take yourself off on a naturist holiday? Get a good sun-tan and no one will notice your blushes!

We often have artists and photographers advertising for models in our small ads. Most of our photographs are supplied by professional photographers and they find their own models.

For the readers, of course, there's the Readers' Competition pages—but you may send a photo there and not win a prize! You could try getting some pictures of yourself taken and sending them, with a covering letter, to the Readers' Letters page. We'll certainly include pictures of readers beside their letters if the pictures are publishable. But don't forget we have a mania for publishing names and addresses!

Now a youngster with rather more serious problems:

*'I am 20 years old and studying at University. It's good for naturism round here, there are plenty of remote spots to whip off the old Y-fronts and soak up the sun or splash about. My penis does not embarrass me—my rather attractive girl cousin can only remember me ever having one erection, and that was on our first nude day. My problem is that my penis is the only good-looking bit I've got! Apart from my cousin, I don't have a friend in the world. My body is dreadfully skinny but, worst of all, I have a cleft lip and palate which has left me with a poor voice and nasty-looking scar. At University I don't get laughed at, just ignored. I do have people to talk to, but only if I happen to be*

*there—I never get invited anywhere. A girl will only talk to me if I am the last bloke around. My work is going downhill with this sort of worry. What has this got to do with naturism? My girl cousin is my one real friend and we often go swimming and sunning in the altogether. Now all that's going to end—she's getting married. I shall be alone. How can I improve my chances of making friends? I have wide interests and can be equally happy with archeology as pop music. Please reply soon—I can't face my exams because I'm too depressed.'*

I don't believe in telling people they have a personality problem when a physical disability is affecting their ability to cope with life. You don't tell me how bad it is, and I'm no surgeon, but



**If you girls only knew how much you can upset the fellows!**



you need a boost to your self-confidence. Why not go to your G.P. and insist on cosmetic surgery on the National Health? You deserve it if it's affecting your mental health.

Fight your depression. Remember, that less than 1 in 10 reaches University—you are among the top ten per cent for brains—and you've got that penis as well! You are a valuable person. Remember that and always stick up for yourself.

Your girl cousin—it seems very odd to me, her going off and marrying somebody else, while all the time you are nutty about her. Why don't you tell her how you feel? She may not change her mind about getting married, but it will make you feel better to share your feelings.

A reader from Down Under

with far less on his mind:

*'Last night I went to see the play 'Further Confessions of a Window-cleaner' live at the local theatre. I enjoyed it tremendously. I was able to go and meet the cast afterwards. I think nudity in a play can be done with taste and nyone who is prudish about it should not go, nor try to ban others from going. It was good to see the beauty of the girls. They were prepared to entertain others and have a good time doing it.'*

While I think there is no harm in these frivolous plays, you ought to take them as the load of nonsense they are. What many naturists object to is the false picture of nudity and sex given by such plays, which is why they'd like them banned.

I'm not sure though, that the



What would you call us, sacred or profane?





Naturist families live  
in harmony.



public takes them seriously. Censorship often gives a false importance to such efforts, thereby defeating its own object. Have a good laugh, but don't turn a frivolous play into a focus for a campaign! Sex ought to be fun once in a while. Who was it who said 'The true devotee never laughs at sex?'

Lastly—as for the reader who told me that he was an agent for Ordnance Survey maps, and the maps now marked nudist colonies—I'll wring his neck if ever I get hold of him!

Because, of course, the Ordnance Survey do NOT mark their maps in this way. I'm terribly sorry if any readers have been inconvenienced by this and hope they'll accept my earnest apologies. I'll check all my facts in future!

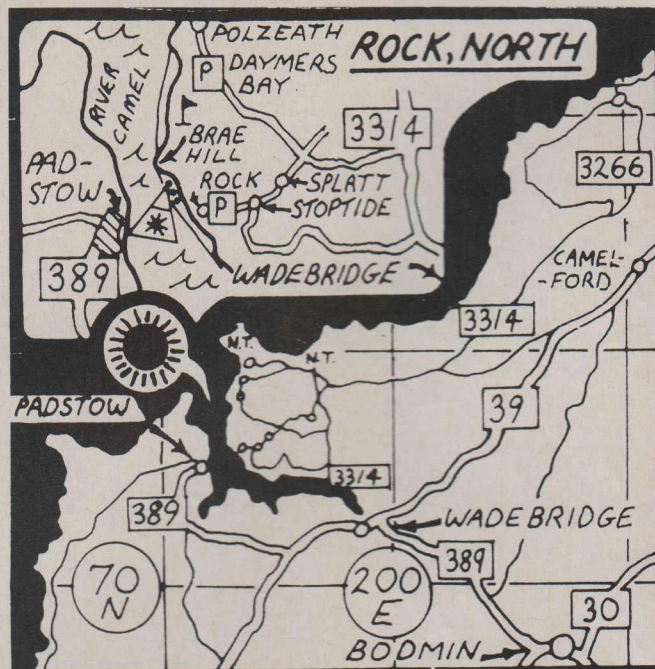
I still think it would be a good idea if every map maker were to add the locations of all naturist clubs, resorts and beaches. Some clubs would object that they don't want their locations known. But most know that this attitude is old-fashioned. The only map we know which is marked is one of a part of Yugoslavia, Istria, and you can only get that in Istria!

## FREE SUN BEACH NEWS

**N. CORNWALL ROCK,  
NORTH 10KmG 193E 77N**

Access: Reach Rock car park from the A39 by turning on to 3314 north of Wadebridge and then taking minor road through Stoptide to Rock. Walk North to the beach alongside dunes just before reaching Brae Hill. This location is roughly midway between the car parks at Rock and Daymers Bay. It can be reached by walking South from Daymers Bay car park except at high tide when access round Brae Hill may be cut off.

Assessment: Completely unofficial but a delightful stretch of beach and dunes, ideal for naturism, and extending for a quarter of a mile. 'Textiles' tend to stay further South near car park at Rock, but very healthy co-existence of those with and without costumes was reported in late September 1979, when many naturists enjoyed freedom in dunes and on beach. The sand is excellent and because of being sheltered this location is ideal for young children. Very highly recommended. There are camping/caravan sites nearby and also hotels and guest houses. Cornwall could win naturist tourism by designating areas like this.



Reprinted from page 22 of **FREE-SUN: EUROPE'S BEACHES** 1980. £5 from Foyle's Bookshop,

London, or by mail order post free from Phil Vallack, 37 West End, March, Cambs. PE15 8DN.



# **JOIN THE FREEDOM LOVERS**



**Skin, the body's latest organ, reacts benignly to controlled exposure. All naturists know this. For they are the Freedom Lovers! All naturists know, too, that Health and Efficiency International Quarterly brings the liberated scene to every genuine nudist! Expressive photography and well-informed features advise you where to go, what to do, when, and how to enjoy every freedom loving moment.**

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# NUDIST HOTEL OF THE SOUTH

Once a visitor always a visitor could be the slogan of the South Hants Sun Club. It is one of the few clubs which also delights in catering to visitors from all over Europe and even further abroad. It has good hotel facilities, a delightful atmosphere and something for everyone. On top of that, it's close to the cities of Portsmouth and Southampton and London only a few hours away.

What more could you ask?







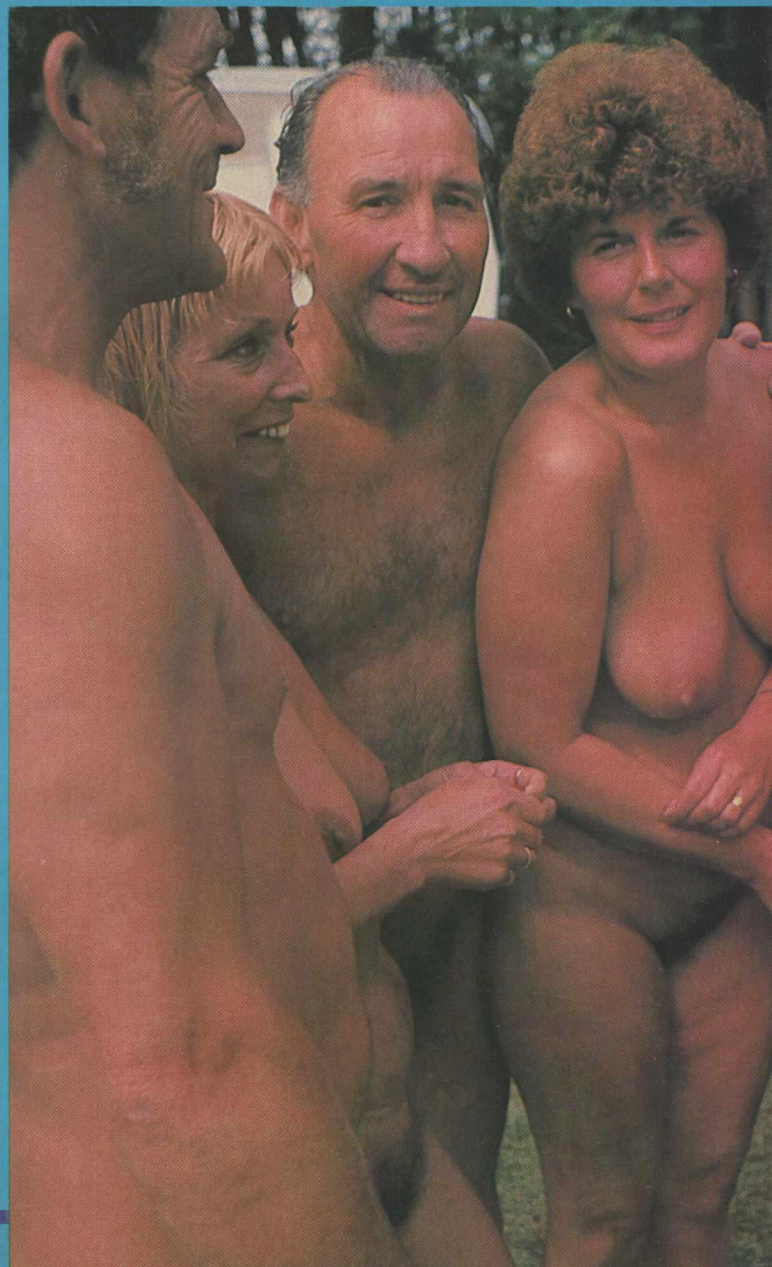
**T**HE South Hants Sun Club is one of the few which combine club life with full hotel and catering services. Perhaps it was because of this that it was chosen for the INF Congress in 1978. Certainly it is the reason why every summer the resort can count on visitors from all over Europe.

The resort is situated between the cities of Portsmouth and Southampton. To be precise, it is located off the Portsmouth-Southwick-Wickham road (the A.333) about two miles from either Wickham or Southwick.

The Club's address is South Hants Sun Club, Boarhunt, Fareham, Hants PO17 6JJ, England. The telephone number is 0329 832919. Before paying a visit you should get in touch with them and ask for their brochure. Enclose a self-addressed envelope with stamp or international reply coupon.

You can even get to the resort by public transport. In this case you should take the train to Portsmouth (Not Havant). Then catch a bus which will put you down at a pub by the name of 'Boars Head.' The resort can provide you with precise details regarding buses and where to board them.

If you come by car you must first locate the road, the A333, previously mentioned. Then all you have to do is keep a sharp look-out for the 'Boars Head' pub sign. Travelling from Ports-







the areas is partly or wholly screened from the next by trees or flowers. This gives a feeling of individuality and character to each area.

To enter the games area you cross a small bridge. Below flows a stream. This can be a paradise for kids. It is only ankle deep but they can play for hours sailing sticks of wood and pretending they are ocean liners. Or they can just muck about in any oozy corner.

The game most featured by the resort is mini-ten. Foreign visitors may find it a bit odd to start with. The rules are those of tennis, and so is the marking of the court. The main difference from tennis lies in the peculiar bat used to hit the ball. But after you have played a few games you are likely to be hooked for life. But beware bruised wrists—beginners should take care.

To one side of the mini-ten courts lie the main sunbathing lawns. They are well sheltered and almost totally surrounded by trees. Few nowadays remember that this was once undrained bog. Perhaps even fewer remember the back-breaking work that went into sinking dozens of long wooden piles under the

mouth it is on the left-hand side of the road, and from Southampton, of course, on the right.

To one side of the pub you will see a rough road. Pass down here until at the bottom of a dip you will come to an opening on the left. This is the entrance to the Club/Resort. There is no gate. Just walk or drive in and follow the road until you arrive at the car park and can go no further.

The car park is immediately behind the hotel, so if you want to stay there you have only a short distance to carry your gear. The hotel consists of two buildings linked by a short passage. In one building you have the dining room, kitchen and bar. The dining room (which doubles as a lounge) can seat about 60 people for meals. From the windows you get a splendid view. In one direction you look out across the swimming pool to the woods beyond. Close by is a small sitting out area of grass complete with metal tables and gay umbrellas.

In another direction you look across some sun lawns to the games courts and the old pavilion.

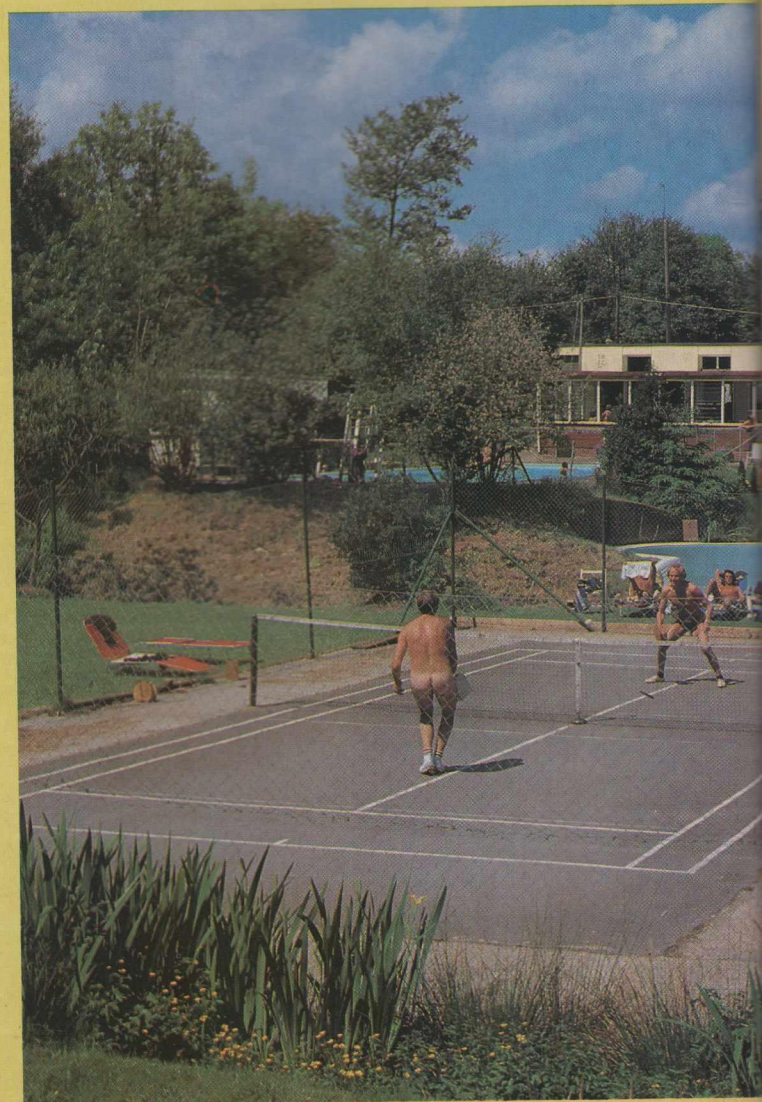
The kitchen is light and well-ventilated and the bar is comfortable and well stocked. Alcohol is served but only during the usual licensing hours. For our overseas readers that means a few hours from mid-day and during the evening. If there are

still people in the movement who object to alcohol, they must be very few. I have never understood the objection. What are the prohibitionists afraid of? Do they think that naturists on taking alcohol will immediately go beserk?

The other wing of the hotel is devoted to the bedrooms and ablutions. There are seven bedrooms all told and these are cunningly designed. They all share the same delightful view as the dining room and they all face south. Each room has its own door straight out to the sunlawns. As well, a door leads to the corridor on the north side and this, in turn, gives access to the hot showers, wash room and toilets. Each room is able to accommodate a couple and up to three children. The rooms are tastefully furnished with modern beds, wardrobes and dressing tables.

The hotel is situated on a slight rise in the ground. On leaving the building you descend some steps on to the concrete path crossing the main games area. But before you come that far you will pass small, almost private, sunbathing lawns to left and right.

This illustrates a feature of South Hants which is both sensible and attractive. The grounds are broken up into small and large, but quite distinctive areas. It is not one vast open space. On the contrary, each of





games courts to prevent them from sinking. And there were few mechanical aids in those days—nearly 30 years ago.

Once across the games and sunbathing area you come to higher ground and the old pavilion. This is really a great war time nissen hut. It's a multi-function building now. Perhaps its main function is to serve the nearby camping and bungalow area. A shop here sells most things you might need. Associated with the building are more ablutions and toilet areas—mainly again for the use of the campers and bungalow dwellers.

Finally we come to the camping ground located beside the pavilion. A firm concrete path leads down the centre of this area and to right and left are tents, bungalows and even caravans.

From its very beginnings the South Hants Sun Club has had its own very special atmosphere. It is a sympathetic, comfortable, almost sybaritic resort. It is easy to understand how most who go there for a holiday return time and time again.

Above all, it is the friendliness of both the management and the ordinary members of the club which makes South Hants so



great.

#### *What you get and what you pay*

The swimming pool is 60ft. by 20ft. and is heated. The shop occupies one end of the old pavilion, carries all you are likely to need in the way of food. There are four mini-ten courts and a volleyball court. A children's paddling pool lies adjacent to the shallow stream. The children also have their own play area fully equipped with swings, slide, sandpit and climbing frame.

#### *Costs:*

The accommodation available is hotel rooms or caravan rental. There is also a large area set aside for those with their own tents or caravans.

**Hotel** (Bed, English breakfast and Dinner).

1 adult		
Low s'son	£10.75 day	£65.00 week
Middle	£13.50 day	£80.00 week
High	£16.00 day	£95.00 week
2 adults		
Low s'son	£16.50 day	£100 week
Medium	£20.00 day	£120 week
High	£23.50 day	£140 week

#### **Self-catering Caravan Accommodation**

6 berth		
Low s'son	£8.00 day	£49.00 week
Middle	£10.60 day	£60.00 week
High	£11.25 day	£67.50 week
4 berth		
Low s'son	£6.25 day	£38.00 week
Medium	£8.00 day	£48.00 week
High	£9.25 day	£55.00 week

#### **Your own Tent or Caravan**

Tent site		
Low s'son	£2.00 day	£12.50 week

Medium	£2.50 day	£15.00 week
High	£3.00 day	£17.50 week
Caravan site the same prices as for Tents.		

*Note.*—Hotel prices are for the 1980 season. For self-catering and own tent or caravan prices add about 10% for 1981. Value Added Tax (15%) is extra.

#### *Seasons:*

Low	4 April—23 May.
	30 Aug.—26th Sept.
Medium	24 May—11 July.
High	12 July—29 Aug.

Booking ahead is essential and a deposit is payable. The club also charges a holiday membership. For the over 18's it is 30 pence per day or £2.00 per week, and for children 12 pence a day or 75 pence a week.

*(I want to make a special point of thanking all those visitors and members of the resort who were kind enough to allow me to take their photographs. It is only through pictures than we can convey the real beauty of the resort, but pictures without people are poor things.—Murray Wren, Editor.)*













# UP THE GAMBIAN

Michael Cox and his wife are get-away-from-it-all naturists. Readers may remember his fascinating account of his visit to the West Indies. Now he has been to Africa. To Gambia, no less, where he immediately set out to test the nudist climate. After some initial difficulties with the police, he and his wife found the ideal nudist retreat on an island. Not quite Corsica—but worth reading about.



**I**F you were one of the nice kind people that read 'Sand, Sea and a Bottle of Rum' you may remember that my wife and I have loved Barbados. Well, we still do, but the West Indies at Christmas can be fantastically expensive and very overcrowded, so we looked around for a change. We thought that somewhere with a similar climate and a mainly coloured population would surely have the same free and easy attitude to life, sex and nudity.

The Gambia in West Africa was our eventual choice after much searching. Tropical heat but dry, during the winter at least, underdeveloped with few hotels (there were none before 1970). It is also a reasonable flight time from Europe and,

most important, very modestly priced.

Accordingly we eventually arrived at the Wadner Beach Hotel, Banjul (this is the capital, formerly called Bathurst) at 5.00 p.m. on December 1979. The temperature was 32 degrees C., when we had left home it was minus 8 degrees C! The first thing we saw at the hotel was a notice by the pool: 'We request that our lady guests do not remove their bikini tops at the swimming pool.' The manager later told me that they didn't mind the bottoms being removed but the tops were another matter! We thought that things looked very promising for a nudist holiday.

The Wadner Beach Hotel, set very charmingly right on the

beach, is a large complex of thatched single-storey rooms with the restaurant, bar, etc. in the middle. The food was good which somewhat surprised us, as we were expecting the worst somehow. Drinks, however, are rather expensive, for example a whisky and soda will cost you about a £1.00.

I will explain at this point that The Gambia is a very poor country, the only industries are ground nuts and tourism. The average wage for a man is only about £1.00 per day and consequently around the hotels there are always a considerable number of scroungers whose aim is to supplement their income at the expense of the tourist.

There is, however, one section of the community that doesn't

seem to be affected by the general economic situation. To judge by the appearance of the elegantly dressed, jewelled and coiffured ladies who visit the hotel bars every night, business must be good. I am reliably informed that they charge between 12 and 50 Dalasis (£3.00 to £12.50). One must admit that their beautiful silver jewellery, rings, necklaces and bracelets contrast wonderfully against their dark skin. Before all you fellows rush over there, I am told that things could change shortly.

It is advisable to lock your hotel room and put your money, camera, valuables and documents in the hotel safe because, regrettably, stealing and pilfering are rather common. This surely must be expected when appa-



# CREEK

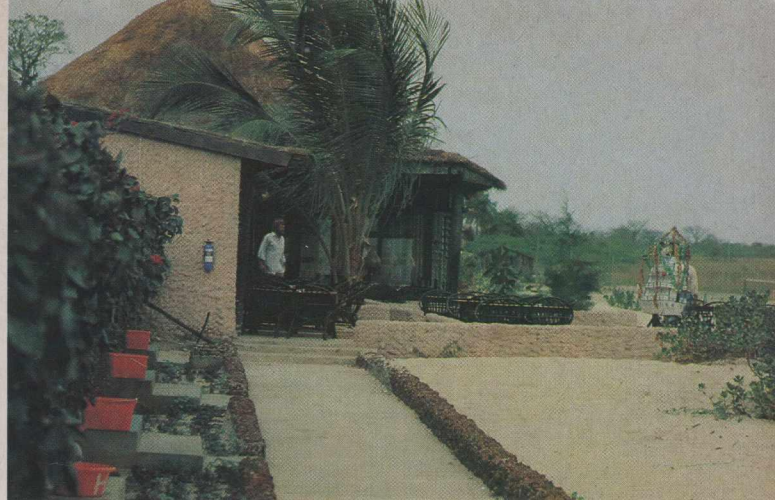


rently wealthy tourists who seem to have everything visit a country where nearly everyone has nothing. During our stay there was one woman who had her bag snatched with £250 in it; someone else lost a shirt; and Polly, my wife, had some underwear stolen.

The beaches are superb, clean and uncrowded. Exotic birds and butterflies in brilliant, scintillating colours flutter amongst the palms and mangroves. Although I understand that there are pythons, the odd black mamba, tarantulas and the like, you are very unlikely to see any near the hotels. The larger animals and game are only found up country. What you will come across are half-tame pelicans, monkeys and mosquitos. As the mosquitos are

the malaria carrying variety it is wise to take the malaria prevention tablets that are available. Most, if not all, of the hotel bedrooms are equipped with mosquito nets so you won't be bothered by them at night. It is surprising, considering how flimsy they are, that it seems so claustrophobic to sleep under one.

I could not recommend anyone to visit The Gambia during the wet season which runs from mid April to mid October approximately. It can be very, very wet indeed and very, very hot. The airport, Yundum, for instance, has I believe, 151 inches of rain in those six months. I am told that the quantity of rain is the reason for the bad roads, they just sink into the ground each summer and



The Hotel Wadner is right on the beach.



The thatched buildings are charming hotel rooms.



Exotic plants in the Hotel Wadner gardens.





then they spend each winter filling all the holes up again.

Anyway, back to the holiday, what surprised us next morning (pleasantly of course) was the number of people sunbathing topless on the beach (and I'm not talking about the men either). I, of course, had to make a thorough inspection and I made it that there were at least 60% topless, more than any European beach that I've been to. (Apart from nudist beaches, that is.) The first full day there we contented ourselves around and about the hotel following the

example of that 60%. After dinner that night we met a local policeman in the bar. We explained to him that we wanted to sunbathe nude, was this all right? 'Oh yes' he said, 'anywhere away from the hotel, the tourists can do anything they want. They are very important to the country, they can do what they like and we always have special tourist police around the hotels to look after them.'

This pleased us very much and the next day we walked half a mile from the hotel, stripped out and had a marvellous time,

revelling in the feel of the sun all over our naked bodies.

You may be wondering why I've called this article 'Up The Gambian Creek,' well, I'm about to explain. After two gorgeous days of nude sunbathing a member of the 'special tourist police' came up to us and told us that we were committing an offence under Gambian law, ordered us to dress at once or we would be arrested and put in jail in Banjul. We had been seen by at least a dozen different police in the past two days with no problem. After we had hastily

donned our knickers, we protested that we had been told that it was o.k. by another policeman. 'Rubbish,' he said, 'he doesn't know what he is talking about.'

It seems, therefore, that as the law doesn't know what is allowed and what isn't, then we were right up the metaphorical creek. Could we or couldn't we? Well, we did anyway when the police were not around.

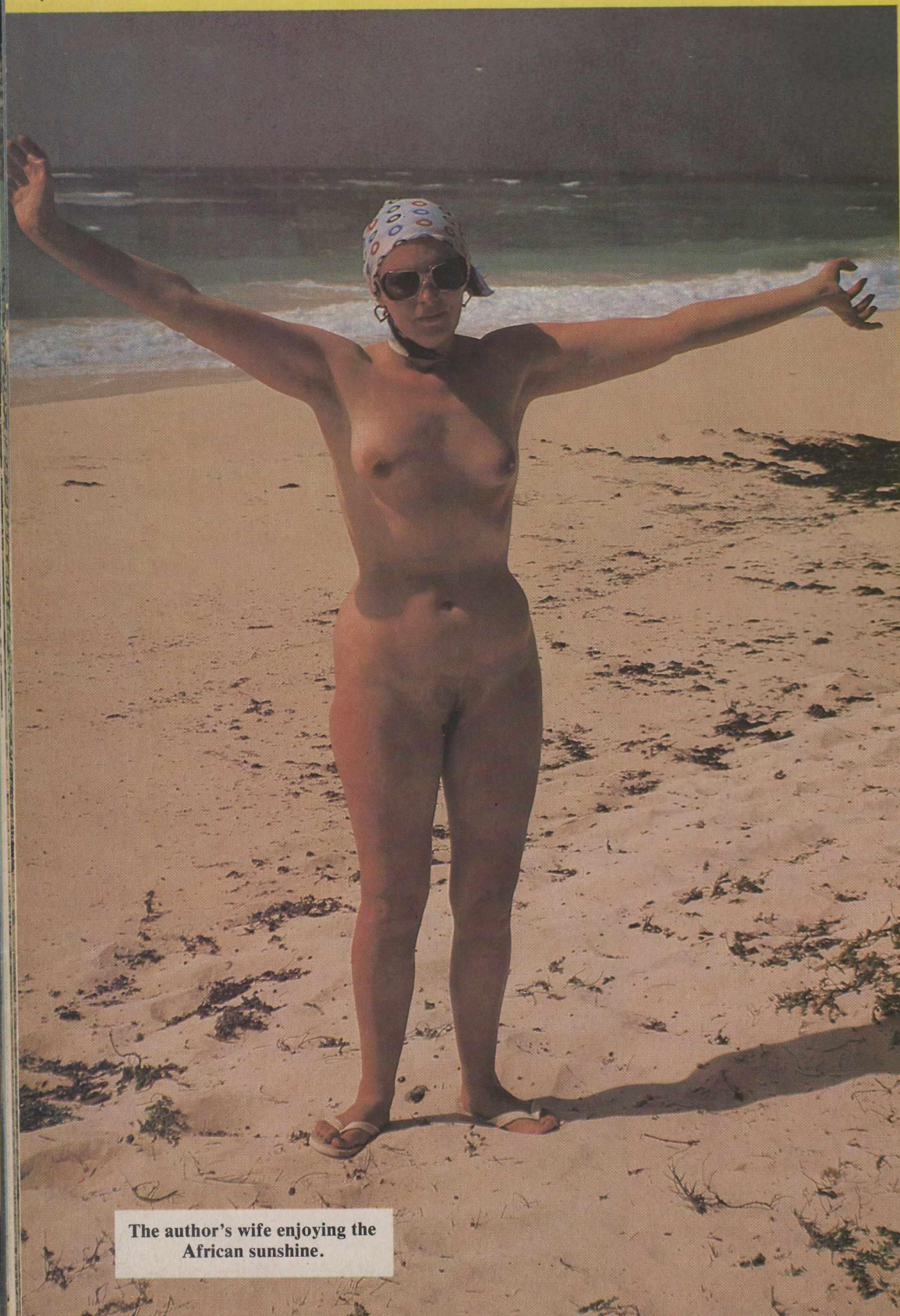
I will hasten to add, however, that both policemen agreed that one could sunbathe nude on a small sand island about one kilometre west of the hotel. This is accessible by wading, from about three hours before to about four hours after low tide, and a more perfect spot one could never hope to find.

There doesn't seem to be quite the free and easy attitude to life and sex that we found so delightful in Barbados. I am sure that there one could walk naked down the street without anyone turning a hair. Perhaps the difference is due to their religion (two-thirds of the population are Muslims) or the culture of the country which is only one stage removed from the days of the tribal chief, witch doctors and living in compounds. The main tribes of the country are the Mandingos and the Wolofs and they still seem to stick to their own tribal brothers and sisters as much as possible, though all work in the hotels. After a while you can distinguish one tribe from another by their appearance. Apart from their own unwritten language, all can speak some English and most can manage a little German and Swedish.

I must admit that both my wife and I got the strong impression (without any direct personal evidence of this, I'm glad to say) that many of the men seemed inclined to homosexual rather than heterosexual tendencies. Mind you this, together with their rather disinterested attitude means that you won't find any peeping toms, not local ones anyway.

#### Nude and top-less

The only incident on the beach worth telling, apart from being threatened with jail that is, was this: One day we were on the sand island, it was late afternoon and we were both laying naked and were nearly asleep as it had been very warm, when we heard another couple arrive on the beach. They had obviously not seen us and thought they were alone. She was young, slim, bronzed with long dark hair, and was wearing only a pair of blue panties. He was tall, well built,



The author's wife enjoying the African sunshine.



black and nude. They were obviously very much interested in each other and not in their surroundings. As they started kissing and cuddling each other we felt very much like peeping toms and tried, not very successfully, not to look. The blue panties were lying discarded on the sand by the time they saw us. After a moment's hesitation, they carried on. It was obvious that they were very much in love and well past the point of no return. We lay there, getting very aroused ourselves, trying not to look but unable to help it. The couple then made passionate love in full view of us about 25 metres away. It was really a beautiful thing to see, two young people so very happy and liberated.

Now my wife Polly and I find a day nude in the sun very sexually stimulating and we usually finish up by making love on the beach, late, when most people have gone. That afternoon, however, it was very tempting to follow the other couple's example. Later they came across to us as they were leaving and said 'We enjoyed that, did you? You won't see us again, though, we are going home tomorrow.' She was an English girl and he was a West Indian now living in Manchester.

The nude and topless beaches in The Gambia seem to have had very little publicity and very few seem to know about it. On the flight home I thought it would be interesting to question as many ladies as possible as to what they thought about it. Very few knew that the beach was topless before



The simple life has a certain magic in Gambia.

they went, but not one objected. About one-third did go topless on the basis that they felt overdressed wearing a bra. Only one couple knew about the nude beach and went there. They were, seemingly, practising nudists.

There are only two things to buy when in The Gambia (things to take home that is). These are silver jewellery and wood carvings. We left the silver alone. Not being a metallurgist but possessing a suspicious mind, I wouldn't know whether the thing was silver or not. With wood I feel on safer ground! We brought back a hand carved wooden statuette of a nude black

woman with large breasts. This is about two feet (0.65 m.) high and cost us about £6.75. The original asking was over £10.00, so one's powers of bargaining are called for. Never pay the first price you are asked, two-thirds are about what are hoped for.

If you want to escape from the snow, rain, fog, and cold of Europe to a nude winter holiday in Africa, there are many tour operators who can assist with your visit.

'Up the Gambian Creek,' yes, physically as well as metaphorically. All the hotels are situated along the mouth of the estuary of the Gambia River (not the

Atlantic) which means that the sea is much calmer and better for swimming.

#### A land of mystery

We certainly want to return to West Africa, preferably before it gets commercialised to the extent of Blackpool or Benidorm. It is not like the West Indies; the climate, scenery, vegetation and people do not compare in our opinion. But it is Africa, the real Africa, and I, like many others before me, found Africa a land of indefinable and intangible magic and mystery.

The appeal of the West Indies is so strong that we feel we must return. Consequently, within a week of coming back from The Gambia we bought air tickets for a three week trip to Antigua in May. I don't know if we shall stay there or move on to St. Lucia, but I hope to tell you about that and our adventures at a later date.



The African people welcome European tourists into their lives.

#### NUDES VERSUS SEALS

California's nudists have scored a victory on the beaches of Malibu. The Fish and Game Department wanted to close the beach to nudists in favour of seals. Local residents said they preferred to look at seals. They said the seals wouldn't come ashore because of the nudists. But the nudists have been there a long time—at least 20 years—and as many as 1,000 go there every week-end. In the end the seals were given exclusive use of 30 acres of beach—the nudists got the rest. The solution, it seems, would be to share and share alike.



# LET THERE BE FREE-SUN UNLIMITED KNOWLEDGE

EACH month from now on, by request, I shall choose a section of coastline outside UK and describe at least three beaches where trouble-free nude bathing can be enjoyed.

This time we visit the area around Royan in France, where the young parents of two children had their first experience of seaside freedom in the sun last year. As 'textiles' their camp site was Bonne Anse at La Palmyre. They went by car from their farm near Shrewsbury in England, and wrote:

'Our first visit to a beach was between La Palmyre and St. Palais-sur-Mer called Le Grand Côte. We found it to be a naturist beach (marked 'D' on the map/diagram). It was a wide sandy beach backed by pine trees. It is rather a long walk down a wide sandy opening in the trees. There had been a forest fire in the area a few years ago and we used burnt wood to make wind-breaks as the wind was rather strong. . . We have two children and they loved it as it was the first time they had swam without suits. The beach was gently sloping and caused no problems for young children.

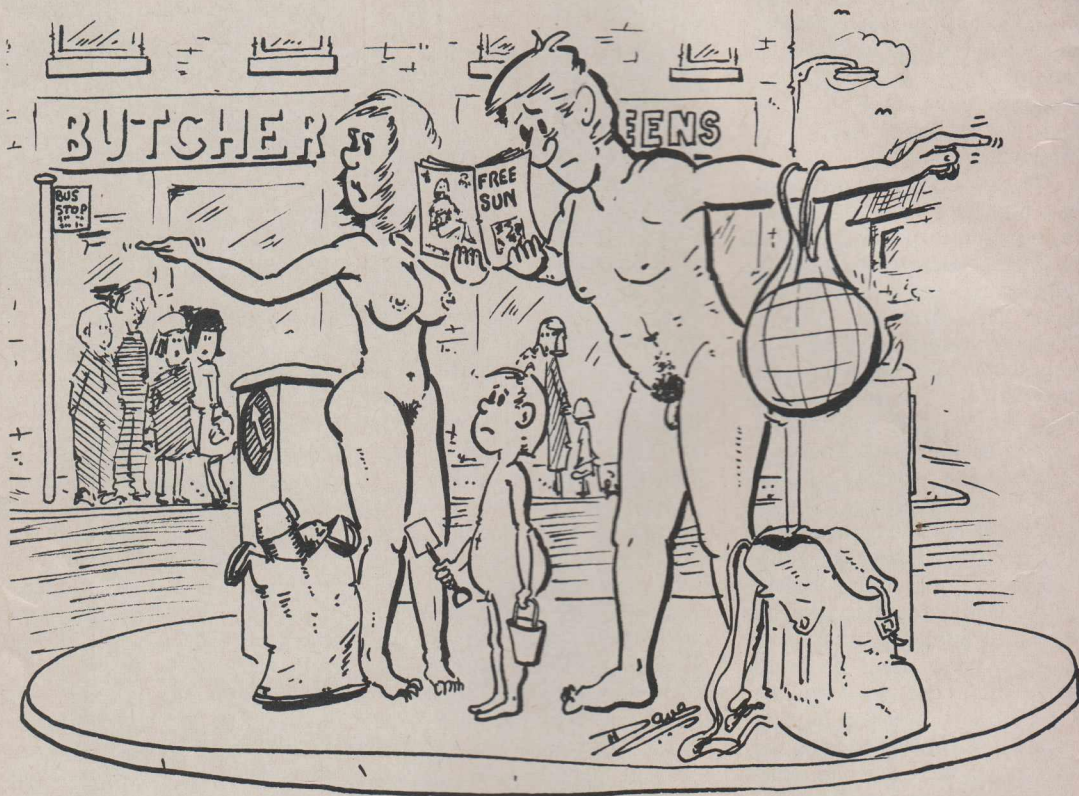
'The beach was 50/50 regarding sunbathing, everyone mixed, it didn't matter at all. On your walk to the beach you will see signs on pine trees saying: 'Authorised Naturist Zone.' They even have barbed wire at the bottom of the signs to stop them being pulled down.

'There are no toilet blocks, and at the end of the day we got a bit weary going home. We enjoy reading H.&E. and hope to enjoy sunbathing in this country this year. I hope it feels the same as in France—so relaxed—it was really wonderful.'

300 metres of this beach, from Mathes parish limits to 'Les Casemates,' was authorised in 1977 and the 'tolerated' area adjoining it is probably 'official' by now as well. Le Grand Côte has the friendly co-existence that makes the phrase 'costumes optional' really mean what it says.

A little to the North (marked 'C') is the Free-Sun Beach authorised by the Council of La Tremblade, also in 1977, with confirmation by Rochefort-sur-Mer Under-Prefecture.

Five unspoilt kilometres of fine sand and dunes, backed by the impressive La Tremblade Forest, from the parking at La



Bouverie to La Pointe Espagnole. Jaques Vacundaire, writing in *La Vie au Soleil*, describes it with pride. Another ideal family beach, but, as always in the Sud-Ouest, take care if the sea is rough.

North again, across the bridge to the Ile d'Oleron, where the unofficial beach, marked 'A,' is called La Plage des Saumonards and easy to reach by walking west from the beach parking at Boyardville, or North from Sauzelle.

La Grande Plage, marked 'B' on my drawing and clearly indicated as a nude beach on the local tourist map, is on the S.W. corner of l'Ile d'Oleron. 400m. 'official' and reached by walking South along the water's edge from La Grand Plage parking at the end of D126E road. Signposted off the D126 from St. Trojan. A sandy beach, with notices, backed by dunes and forest. The sea, I am told, is rather 'dirty' for swimming, but not polluted.

*Let there be humour.*

I was glad to receive, so soon, a cartoon worth sharing with you. I hope the dangers of following our access instructions to Free-Sun Beaches were not chosen because of personal experience by the artist and his family!

Maybe other readers with hidden talents with pen or brush will be tempted to submit cartoons for future use—preferably without captions, please.

Humour in the written word is always refreshing. Bill Ong of Norwich may make us smile, but has pearls of wisdom in his message:

'I was one of the alleged 'Naked Young Men' who were supposed to have accosted Commander Spry while he was walking his dog at Pilchards Cove, near Dartmouth. Actually there were a dozen people there that day. As far as I can remember only one person, who was, as stated, naked, went up to him to warn him that nudists were in the cove.

'It made full headlines in the *News of the World*, attracting the BBC and other media after the Commander stirred things up. Subsequently nudism was banned by the Slapton Council, notices were put up to that effect. But. . .

'Some very influential Westminster bods (very V.I.P.) were in the habit of spending their long hols at nearby Sheplegh Court Nudist Hotel, and Pilchards, of course, was their Cap d'Agde and very much loved. The Dartmouth Chamber of Commerce, too, was very upset, visualising much loss of annual revenue.

'The combined forces, plus a hefty petition, took it to the House of Lords. I never saw such speedy action. Pilchards Cove became the first legal free beach on English territory—albeit to the dismay of the V.I.P.s. Such world-wide publicity. The place was transformed! They came from all over—I even met an Aussie there. And it was FREE.'



Once again Phil Vallack with his inimitable approach looks at Free Beaches. First mention goes to a beach near Royan in France—not far from famous Montalivet. From there it is but a step to more free beaches. Finally, he quotes from some interesting letters written by our readers. If you know of more free beaches drop us a line addressed to Phil Vallack.

(Note that Pilchards Cove itself is now difficult to reach after cliff fall, the northern end of Slapton Sands is, however, increasingly popular and well used for nude sun and sea bathing. It is officially 'tolerated,' not officially 'designated').

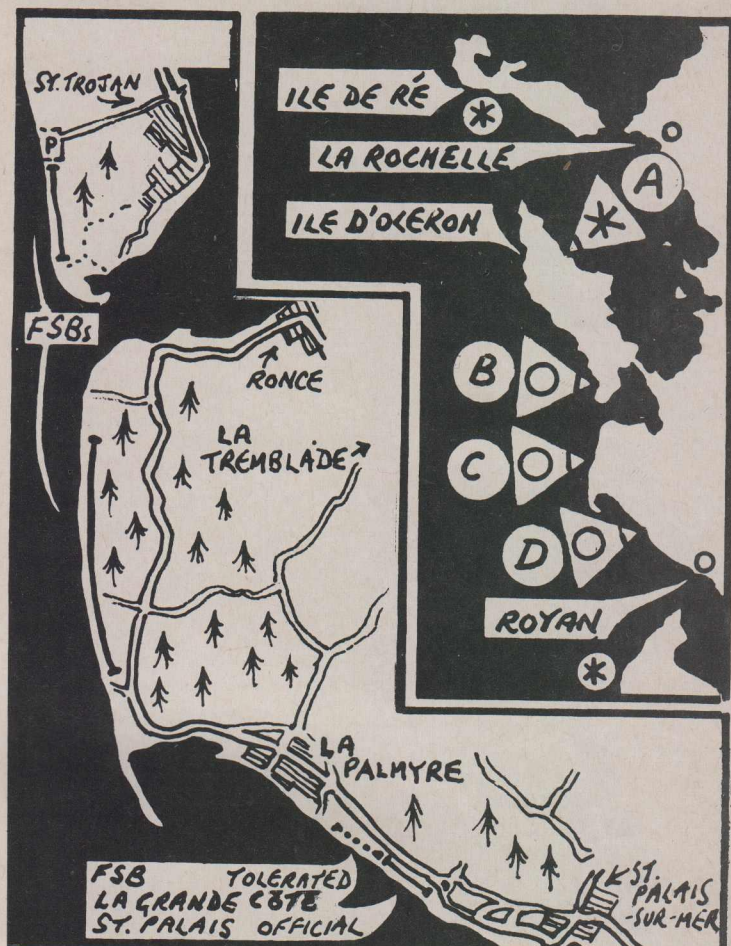
'I never saw anything as funny as the 'yobboes' from nearby Plymouth. It was the era of the Teds who perched like rows of black ravens along the rocks—so motionless, they looked like statues. That was the first week-end; the next week-end the rocks were deserted.

'The sequel to this story is the Dartmouth pleasure boats boom in business. What had been a 'Trip round Tor Point' for 2/6 soon became 'Come and see the

Nudists for 7/6.' I had to smile. A crowd of us were at Pilchards one hot Saturday when a pleasure boat pulled close in, it was packed. You could see the binoculars flashing in the sun. We jumped on the rocks, sawed towels above our heads and flaunted everything at them—and I mean everything.

'You see, in England, money is the magic password. Happiness and contentment are taboo unless they provide capital. If the Government could tax nudists—man, they would make swimsuits illegal tomorrow.

'They seem to overlook the fact that France, and other countries, have such a flourishing tourist trade largely because of their nudist beaches which,



Free beaches always make me happy.







incidentally, are beaches and not piles of flint stones.

'Thus I am reduced to a lonely existence among the stinging nettles to get that all-over tan in case I do get around to Cap d'Agde.

'There are two beaches I get to, now and then, Overstrand, near Cromer, and Winterton, but, as you say, safety in numbers would perhaps make

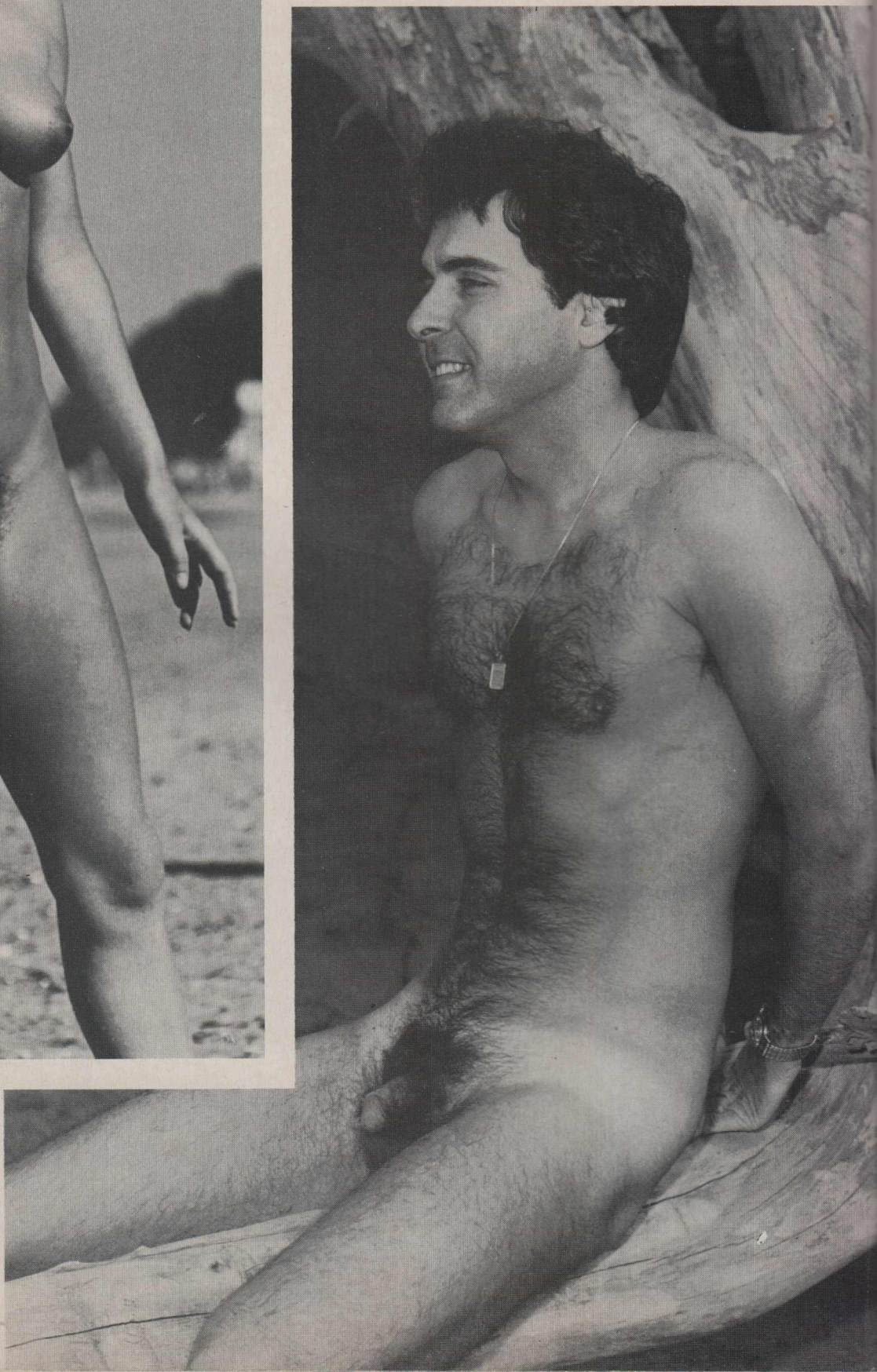
these into a Pilchards Cove, but how? You don't just approach people and ask them to strip. I am sure of one thing—once a crowd did get around to it, the news would spread fast around here, like it did at Pilchards.

'Hope I haven't bored you with all this. Anyway, I've sacrificed 50p and you can put my name in WHO'S WHERE. You never get anywhere without trying.'

*Let there be signatures.*

Don't be too downcast, Bill,

and crawl out of your screen of nettles long enough to sign the PETITION FOR A BETTER MODEL BYELAW. As you say 'You never get anywhere without trying' and we want ten thousand signatures to show that the 'no-fuss' bathers in Britain demand seaside nudity properly described. Not as 'indecent exposure.' And that the 'textile only' public places are clearly shown not to be the beach itself. More next time, about the details, but if anyone wants a





# If the Government could tax nudists, they would make swimming costumes illegal tomorrow.

Petition Page (20 names and addresses per sheet please) just write with SAE and let's get it rolling.

## *Let there be co-operation.*

I am not sure that Sun Club people don't want free beaches. I have some very good friends in Organised Naturism — though more, perhaps, abroad than in UK. Plenty here, though, have their favourite beaches and are not afraid to tell me about them.

Certainly I hope that the Petition will be actively promoted by CCBN as well as by the Free-Sun People. They will be invited to do so, of course, and I hope they grasp the hand of friendship.

## *Let there be tolerance.*

We very seldom, nowadays, receive letters of abuse. Recently however, the following appeared in correspondence from a gentleman whose responsibilities must be clouding his judgement:

'... (our organisation) has

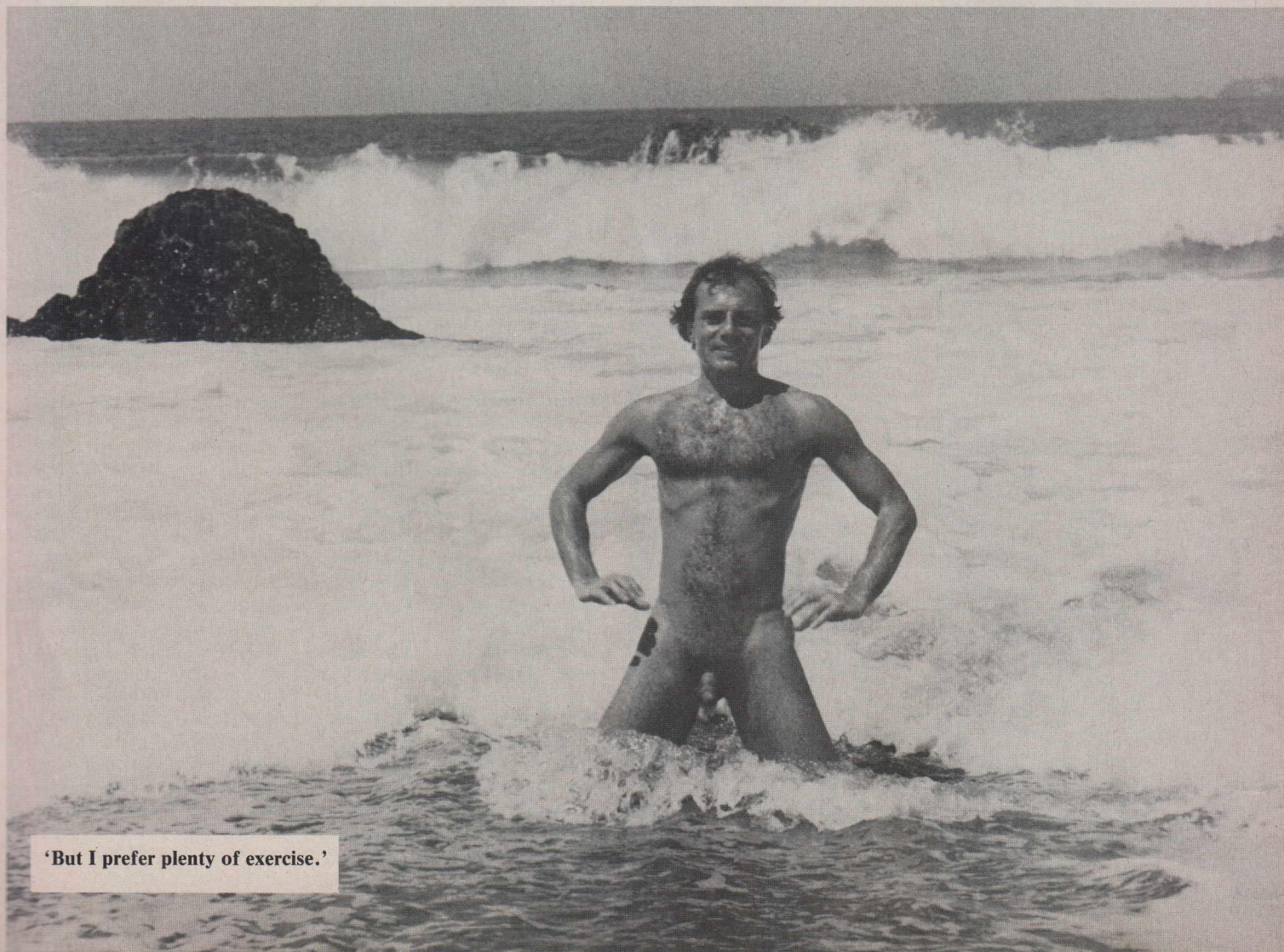
never sought to stop the practice (of nude bathing) while it remains discreet and low key... This would have remained the case if you had not been foolish enough to publicise the matter...'

I replied... 'We are convinced that responsible groups sharing the more suitable beaches, listed in FREE-SUN publications, is infinitely better than individuals spreading themselves over more of the coastline in search of furtive seclusion...'

Finally, if you have any information or queries you would like to pass my way, please do so. Remember, this column is devoted to telling you where you can swim and sunbathe naked without the hassle and formalities of joining a sun club of the older traditional kind. Information from anywhere in the world is welcome. All you have to do is write on the envelope: Phil Vallack's Column, Peenhill Ltd., Payne House, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London, E.C.1.



'I like to relax on the beach.'



'But I prefer plenty of exercise.'



# COME IN IRELAND

The rallying cry 'Naturists of the world unite — you've nothing to lose. . .' has at last echoed in the strange land of Eire. It was a brave woman councillor from Dublin who demanded a free beach for the nudists of Dublin. Now in Dublin's fair city the inhabitants regard each other with new interest. The men have their own exclusive 'free beach' but the women are stirring. Maggie Stillwell wonders when the men and women will get it together. Meanwhile, H.&E. is on open sale in Ireland for the first time since before the war.



**W**HAT about the Republic of Ireland? How are the nudists doing there? By all reports pretty badly. Health and Efficiency's files carry few Irish addresses and even some of those appear dead. But recently the *Dublin Evening Herald* carried a report headed 'Nude Bathers get the come on from woman councillor.'

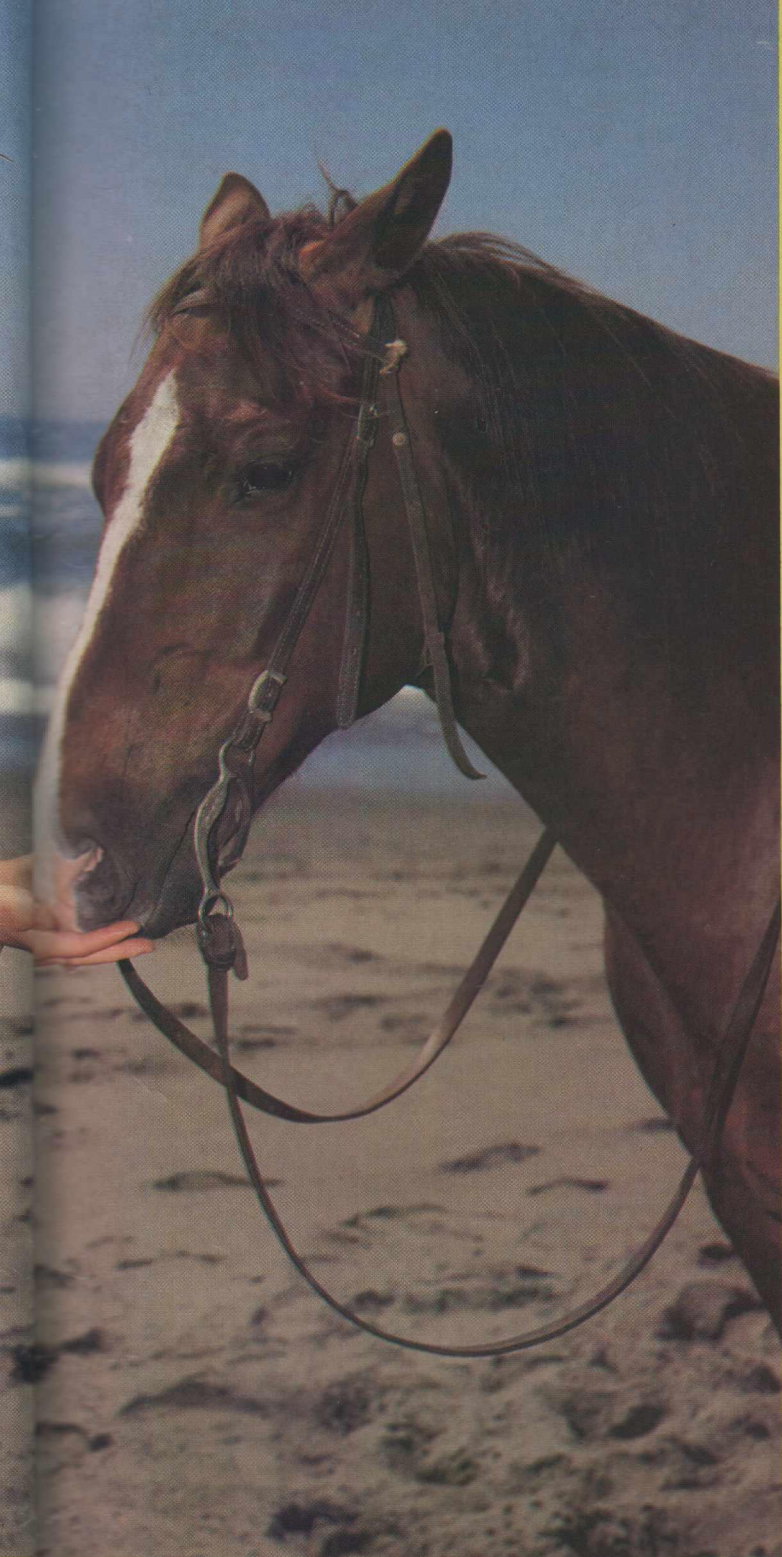
Councillor Jane Dillon-Byrne wants a beach in Dun Laoghaire reserved for nudists. Bravo, Jane. And bravo, too, for Councillor Eric Doyle who seconded the nudist beach proposal. You have to be brave in religion conscious Eire to even mention nudity, let alone propose setting aside a beach for it.

Yet what wonderful beaches

they have. If you ever fly into Dublin airport, as I did twice a week for about six months, you must marvel at the absolutely deserted golden beach you pass over just before landing. Many times I promised myself that if ever I managed a spare day in Dublin I would investigate further. The spare day never came.

All the same, another beach riveted my attention. But this time I never saw it. All I saw was the notice visible from the road which indicated that just outside Dublin lay a beach open for nude swimming—for men only! My few informants tell me that nude bathing does exist in Eire. But you have to visit the deserted beaches of the west coast or some





parts of Wexford and Wicklow.

Regarding the men only beach, Councillor Jane Dillon-Byrne said '... I think it inconsistent that while men are allowed to sunbathe and swim in the nude at the 'Forty Foot' in the Dun Laoghaire Borough, we are not prepared to reserve a beach where men and women can have the same facility.' I know not whether Jane Dillon-Byrne is a militant feminist or not. It doesn't matter. What does matter is her bravery. Of course her proposal got nowhere. No other councillor supported her. Even her seconder got cold feet and abstained from voting. The 15 member council includes three other women.

Jane declared afterwards:

'Ireland is one of the few European countries to make no provision for naturists. Britain now has eight nudist beaches. . . it is about time we moved in the same direction.' Labour councillor Jane said she was not a naturist but she was 'prepared to think about it.'

What hopes are there for nude bathing in the Republic this year? Pretty few, I'm afraid. Just look at the laws ranged against you. S.18 of the Criminal Law Amendment Act, 1935; S.4 of the Vagrancy Act, 1924; S.72 of the Towns (Ireland) Improvement Act of 1854; S.5 of the Summary Jurisdiction Act 1871, or the Dublin Police Act 1842.

In Dublin they just don't throw the book at you—they







throw the whole library. But just look at those dates—1842? 1871? Even the closest to our times is getting on to half a century ago. There is a good case for their outdated laws concerning nudity in public. Times have changed—even in the Republic. A Godly country must be the first to admit that man was made in the image of God (a Christian belief)—so what's wrong with God—or man for that matter.

I wonder what opinion is held by the men who bathe nude at Forty Foot in Sandycove? Would they approve of nudist beaches for both sexes? And are the women of Dublin going to stand idly by while their men practice sex discrimination at Sandycove. Are there no sex discrimination laws in Ireland? The very least the men can expect is a protest rally.

I can see the girls marching on Sandycove. Bare of thigh and breast they advance on the men. Banners demand equality. 'Nude Rights for Women' and 'If I say you've a beautiful body, will you hold it against me?' and 'Nothing indecent in the naked truth.' What will the men do? What else but submit immedi-

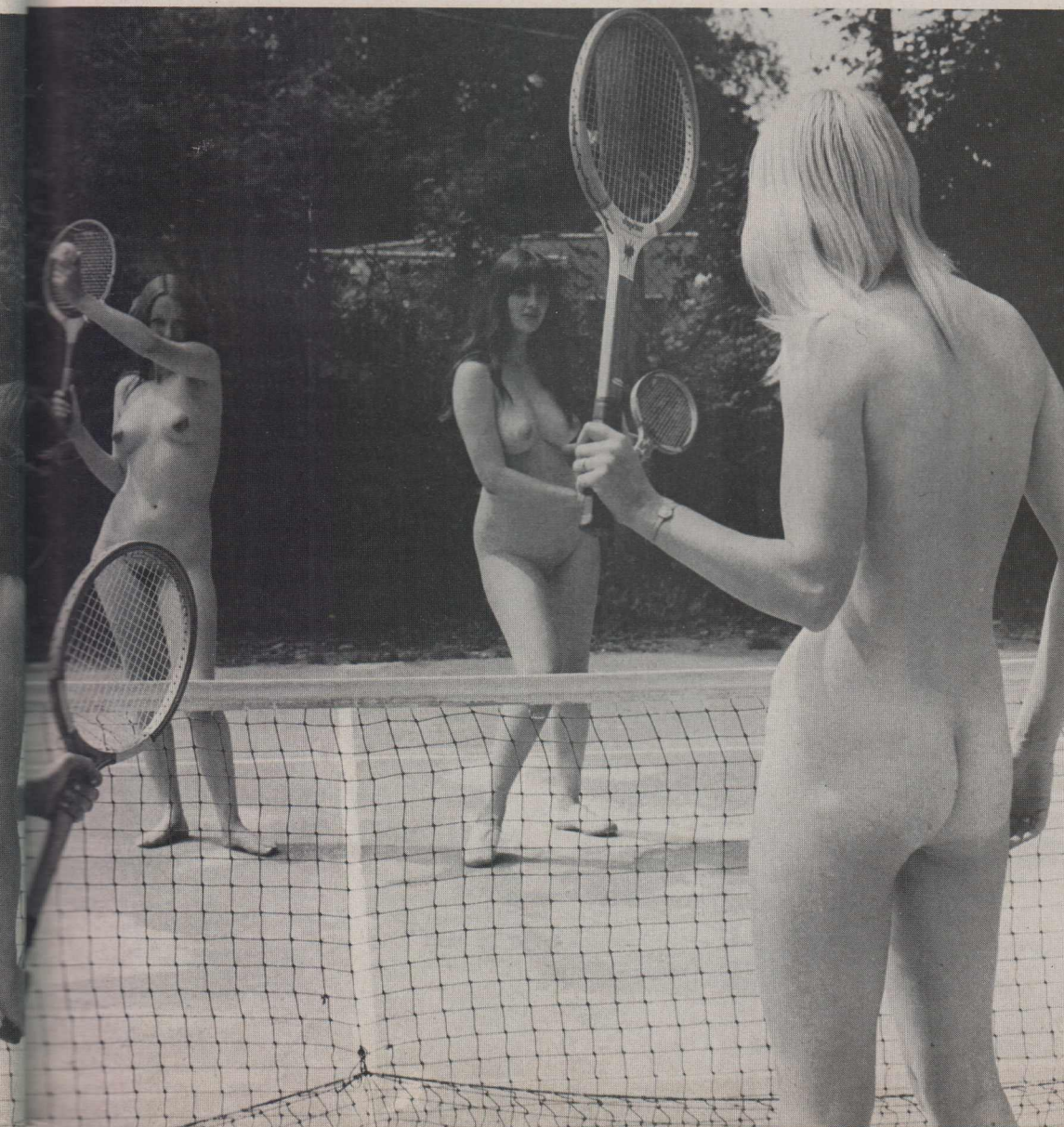




ately and send for the Priest to give it his blessing.

But seriously, it is worth quoting some research done by Rorie Smith writing in the Dublin paper, *Irish Independent*. It is he I'm indebted to for the list of laws quoted above. He approached Councillor Charlie Willoughby. The councillor said 'I don't think there would be any support for a nudist beach anywhere in our area. In fact I think I could say there'd be almost total opposition to any sort of scheme like that that came before the council.'

But the local police, through the Garda Press Office, are quoted thus: 'It all depends where it's going on. . . if it's a private beach where no one can see then we leave them alone.' That seems a bit Irish to me. If no one can see, that includes the police, and what option do they have but to leave them alone. The quote continues: 'We would only intervene if they could be seen by passers-by. Then we could have them for breach of the peace or indecent exposure.' The spokesman added that he was unaware of there ever being a prosecution for genuine naturism. Which, of



course, is consoling. My advice to Irish would-be nudists is to get a rubber stamp 'GENUINE NATURIST' and use it liberally on the approach of the Garda.

Now let me introduce you to a new word—Natourist. It is a noun and describes someone who comes to look at naturists. As such I think it will have a short life. Nevertheless, it had a brief life describing the peeping toms who visited Brighton to view the nude bathers this summer. But the word has possibilities. I propose to adopt it, but with a difference. A 'Natourist' I will define as a tourist looking for nudist facilities. Or, more simply, a holidaymaker hunting free beaches. Why bother with a new word? Because it is needed. The Natourist is one of Europe's most influential beings. Whole communities will in the next ten years or so come to depend on him utterly.

Already the 15 million plus Natourists are a force to be reckoned with. Their power has opened up at least some beaches in Spain. As we saw above, even conservative Eire is beginning to feel the first breezes of what will become a whirlwind. Ignore the Natourist at your peril. Consider the experience of Brighton. This summer there were times when the numbers on their nudist beach exceeded those on other parts of the beach. Next summer the nudist beach will have to be extended yet again. It overspilled



## Conservative Ireland is feeling the first breezes of a naturist whirlwind.



early in the season—in May to be precise. Without the Natourist, Yugoslavia would have a balance of payments problem. Without the Natourist, many parts of the south of France would be denuded (if that's the word) of all tourists. Without the Natourist, many countries—Italy and Ireland among them, are wondering how to attract more tourists.

The only thing holding back some countries is the fixed notion that nudity and sex go together. Why this should make them against nudism is hard to see. In truth it is impossible for me to see. But then I've always mistakenly, it seems, regarded sex as rather enjoyable. In truth, one of the finer things of life. But if we are to believe one of the world experts on the subject, then those who associate sex and nudism will just have to think again.

My expert is Desmond Morris of 'The Naked Ape' fame. All the same, I wonder how expert on this subject he is. But let us get to the point. Here is what he says: 'The behaviour of people who have removed their clothes in a naturist setting is almost exaggeratedly sexless. They tend to go on about purity and health and cleanliness so much that they are obviously, though I'm sure not consciously, fighting off the

effect of the sexual display involved.'

This makes me wonder whether Desmond Morris has himself taken off his clothes and joined the nudists. I think not. More likely he is repeating what he has read in some of the more naive and outdated naturist publications. There was a time when nudists went around preaching how pure it all was. They had to, if only to counter the popular idea that they were all sex maniacs. But now that nudist beaches are open for all to see and even enjoy, the truth is out.

Naturists are no more nor less sexy than the next person. Nor do we coyly avert our eyes when an attractive member of the opposite sex passes by. But let me give you some more Desmond Morris: 'On an ordinary beach, for example, you get boys and girls eyeing each other, but on a nude beach you get none of that, which makes them curiously puritanical, rather boring places to be.'

Desmond, I'm sure we haven't been to the same naturist beaches. Lives there a naturist youth so devoid of humanity that he has never eyed a girl (or she a boy) with ideas earthy? I think not. Thank God.



Some blue-eyed Irish he-men wanted.





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# CLUB DIRECTORY

## AUSTRALIA

International Organisation: Australian Nudist Federation, P.O. Box 298, Bendigo, Victoria 3550, S.A.

## BELGIUM

National Organisation: Federation Belge de Naturisme, St. Thomasstraat 24, B-2000 Antwerpen.

De Spar, Volhardingstraat 67, B-2020 Antwerpen.

Helios, P.O. Box 1185, B-1000 Bruxelles.

Phoebus, Rue de la Paix 44, Vredestraat 44, B-1050 Bruxelles.

Club Belvedere, B.P. 15, B-4000 Liege or 33 rue Reine Elisabeth, B-4547 Haccourt.

Le Perron, P.O. Box 169, B-4000 Liege.

Heidegouw, P.O. Box 13, B-3500 Hasselt.

Gravensteen, P.O. Box 245, B-9000 Gent.

In Luxembourg: Plein-Ciel, c/o Raoul Jouan, rue de la Cite 40, B-4410 Vottem.

## BRITAIN

National Organisation: Central Council for British Naturism (CCBN), Sheepcote, Orpington, Kent BR5 4ET. Orpington 44689 or 33390.

CLUBS (CCBN members)  
Adventurers Sun Club, c/o J. D. Ayto, 110 Birling Road, Snodland, Maidstone, Kent.

Apollo Sun Club, c/o 6 Stoke Manor Close, Seaford, East Sussex BN25 3RE.

The Arcadians, Greenglades, Blind Lane, Billericay, Essex.

Aztecs Recreational and Sun Club, Aztec Sun Park, Crawley, West Sussex.

Bexley Sun Society. Meets in Nudist Foundation grounds.

Blackthorns Sun Club, c/o Ian Slater, 47 Rosamund Road, Bedford.

Bournemouth and District Outdoor Club and Holiday Centre, Matchams Drive, Matchams, Ringwood, Hants.

Brighton Sun Club, Hamshaw, Sloop Lane, Scaynes Hill, Haywards Heath, West Sussex.

Bristol Solarians, Tara, Mapleridge Road, Chipping Sodbury, Bristol.

Broadland Sun Association Ltd., Brickle Road, Upper Stoke Holy Cross, Norwich.

Bromley Sun Society. Meets in Nudist Foundation grounds.

Croydon Sun Society. Meets in Nudist Foundation grounds.

Gardenia Sun Club, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St. Albans, Herts.

Greenacres Club, Corsnay, Durham.

Hastings Sun Club, Hides, Westfield, Hastings, East Sussex.

Invicta Sun Club, The Firs, Forge Lane, Sutton, Dover, Kent.

Lancashire Sun Society, Hazel Grove, Sandy Lane, Rufford, Ormskirk, Lancs.

Larches Sun Club, c/o 13 Holway Avenue, Taunton, Somerset.

Leicester Sun Group, c/o 8 Redruth Close, Coventry.

Liverpool Sun and Air Society, c/o Lillian White, 43 Lyttleton Road, Aigburth, Liverpool L17 0AT.

London Health and Sauna Club, c/o Suite 41, Kent House, 87 Regent Street, London W1R 7HF.

Manchester Sun and Air Society, c/o 18 Geneva Drive, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire.

New Forest Outdoor Club, North Lodge, Hurn Road, Ringwood, Hants.

Noah's Ark Sun Club, Freepost, Chertsey, Surrey KT16 8BR.

North London Sun Society. Meets in Nudist Foundation grounds.

Novasun Vagari Wood, c/o 27 Tower Hill, Cove, Farnborough, Hants.

Pendle Sun Club, c/o Keith Mackley, 17 Raynham Crescent, Blackhill, Keighley, West Yorks.

Ribble Valley Sun Club, Briarwood, Ribchester Road, Clayton-le-Dale, Blackburn, Lancs.

Sheplegh Court Nudist Hotel, Blackawton, Totnes, Devon.

South Hants Sun Society, Stockers, North Boarham, Fareham, Hants.

South London Sun Society. Meets in Nudist Foundation grounds.

We publish this directory to give you some idea of naturism throughout the world. But details of every small club or beach would fill the entire magazine! So please take this as a general guide and write to the National Organisations of the countries concerned for further details.

South Yorkshire Sun Club, c/o K. Woolley, 10 Grove Hill Road, Doncaster, South Yorkshire.

Springwood Sun Club, Cooks Hall Road, West Berholt, Colchester, Essex.

Surrey Downs Sun Club, c/o Edgeley Caravan Park, Farley Green, Albury, Guildford, Surrey.

Valerian Sun Club, c/o 'Livingwood,' 33 Atherley Road, Shanklin, I.O.W.

White Rose Club, Flaxton, York.

Wrekin View Nudist Club, Crin Cottage, Kenston, Market Drayton, Salop.

OTHER CLUBS  
Chester Nudist Club, c/o 31 Market Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

Eureka Club, Mark Wilson, 50 Marling Way, Gravesend, Kent.

Fiveacres Country Club, Bricket Wood, St. Albans.

North Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devonshire.

The Old Smithy, Penyfeidr, Llandeloy, Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.

Spielplatz, Lye Lane, Bricket Wood, St. Albans.

Torbay Sun Club, Avian Nook, 7 Wellesley Road, Torquay, Devon.

## CANADA

National Organisation: The Western Canadian Sunbathing Association, P.O. Box 1113, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2K9.

The following has asked to be included:  
Ottawa Free Beaches, P.O. Box 753, Stn B, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada K1P 5P8. Tel. 1-613-2369210.

## DENMARK

National Organisation: Dansk Nudist Union (DNU), c/o Jonna Sulsbrück, Lundtofteparken 37 st. tv., DK-2800 Lyngby.

## FRANCE

National Organisation: Federation Francaise de Naturisme (FFN), 4 Avenue du Coq, 75009 Paris.

There are so many clubs in France (details from the above) that we are just listing the nudist holiday centres.

Koad-ar-Roche, 56820 Neant-sur-Yvel.

La Herpinere, 49730 Montoreau.

Creuse Nature, Le Cheix, 23600 Boussac-Bourg.

Centre Helio-Marin, 33930 Montalivet.

Camp Nudiste de Grayan, Euronat. Grayan l'Hopital 33590.

Club Quercy-Agenais Nudiste, Rene Point, La Tuque, Belaye, 56140 Luzech.

Centre Nudiste de Devese, Bernard Lautier, 32380 St. Clar.

Centre Nudiste de Montagne, 'Les Clapières,' 05100 Briançon.

Alpes et Soleil, 38650 Sinard.

Domaine Nudiste International 'La Romegas,' Mme Schillemans, 26170 Buis-les-Baronnies.

Le Haut Chandelalar, Y. and P. Boisgontier, 06850 Briançonnet, St. Auban.

Club du Soleil de Nice-Levens, La Gorghetta, 06720 Levens.

Centre de Vacances de la Hayte-Garduere, 83830 Callas.

Domaine Nudiste de Belezay, 84410 Bedoin.

Plage des Templiers, M. Jacques Guerrier, B.P. 22 Saint Ferreol, 07700 Bourg-Saint-Andeol.

Relais de la Conche, Claude et Jeannine Bennot, Saint Montan, 07220 Viviers.

Le Ran du Chabrier, Mme Metge, B.P. no. 1, 30430 Barjac.

Ran du Chateau de Ferreyrolles, 7 rue de la Republique, 30100 Ales.

La Genese, Mejjannes-le-Clap, 30710 Saint-Jean-de-Maruejols.

Les Bois de la Sabliere, St. Privat-de-Champclos, 30430 Barjac.

Centre Helio-Marin, 34300 Agde.

Gymno-club Mediterranee, Serignan Nature, 34410 Serignan.

Village du Bosc, Octon, 34800 Clermont-l'Herauld.

Camping Saint Pierre, 34150 Gignac.

Centre Helio-Marin, 'La Grande Cosse,' Cabanes de Fleury, 11560 Fleury d'Aude.

Village Ulysse, Port Leucate, 11370.

Village Aphrodite, Port Leucate 11370.

Le Clapotis, 11480 La Palme.

Club du Soleil de Perpignan, Dominique Martinez, 'Le Ventous,' 66150 Arles-sur-Tech.

Village Nudiste de Serralongue, 66230 Prats-de-Mollo.

IN CORSICA:

Au Moulin et la Cascade Corse, B.P. 36, 20210 Porto-Vecchio.

Corsicana, Linguizzetta, 20230 San Nicolao.

Tropica, Chiatra, 20230 San Nicolao.

La Chiappa, 20210 Porto-Vecchio.

La Bagheera, Anga Filippi, La Bagheera, La Guistiniana, 20230 San Nicolao Pietra-Di-Verde.

Le Moulin, 20210 Port-Vecchio.

## GERMANY

National Organisation: Deutscher Verband für Freikörperkultur e.V. (DFK), Königstrasse 22, D-3000 Hannover 1.

We have listed only the larger sites—with room for 100 or more tents/caravans. For further details please write to the DFK, as above.

CLUBS

Familienferienzeltplatz Amrum, 2278 Wittddin/Amrum.

Strand Camping Wallnau, 2000 Hamburg 63, Overn Barg 19.

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 23 Kiel 1, Postfach 3112.

Eurocamping Zedano, Reinhold Reshöft, 2435 Dahme Nord.

Bund für naturnahe Lebensgestaltung Bremen e.V. (DFK), 2800 Bremen 1, Postfach 106845.

Naturistenbund Wilhelmshaven-Friesland e.V. (DFK), D-2940 Wilhelmshaven 1, Postfach 907.

Sun, Lüneburger Heide e.V. (DFK), D-2120 Lüneburg, Postfach 2641.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. Hanover (DFK), D-3000 Hannover, Yorkstrasse 7.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), 33 Braunschweig, Postfach 1812.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Hildesheim e.V. (DFK), D-3200 Hildesheim, Postfach 492.

Liga für freie Lebensgestaltung e.V. (DFK), D-4800 Bielefeld 1, Postfach 5501.

Naturistenbund Rheydt e.V. (DFK), Zedernstrasse 19, D-4050 Mönchengladbach.

Orplid. Bund für Freikörperkultur und Familiensport e.V. Darmstadt (DFK), D-6100 Darmstadt-Arheilgen, Weierstädter Strasse 150, Postfach 110861.

Naturistenbund Trier e.V. (DFK), Christophstrasse 7, D-5500 Trier.

Lichtbund Saar e.V. Saarbrücken (DFK), Postfach 973, D-6600 Saarbrücken.

FKK-Familiensportbund Heilbronn e.V. (DFK), 71 Heilbronn Böckingen, Postfach 51.

Lichtbund Karlsruhe e.V. (DFK), D-7500 Karlsruhe 1, Postfach 4103.

Natursportbund Schwäbischer Wald e.V. (DFK), D-7157 Murrhardt-Kirchenkirchberg-Feriengelande Schönnrain.

Bund für freie Lebensgestaltung Stuttgart e.V. (DFK), D-7000 Stuttgart 1, Postfach 66.

BfI Sonnlund e.V. (DFK), 78 Freiburg, Dreikönigsstrasse 1.

Drei-Länder-Eck, Postfach 105, D-7808 Waldkirch.

Verein der Saunafreunde e.V. (DFK), D-1000 Berlin 19, Rognitzstrasse 8.

## HOLLAND

National Organisation: Nederlandse Federatie van Naturistenverenigingen (NFN), Postbus 564, 25021 CN Den Haag.

## IRELAND

There is a nudist group in Belfast, Northern Ireland, and another in Dublin, Irish Republic.  
For details write to Irish Nudist Association, P.O. Box 1077, Churchtown, Dublin 14.

## ITALY

Two National Associations in Italy. They are:

Associazione Naturista Italiana (ANITA), Via N. Bixio, 32, I-20129 Milano.

Unione Nudisti Italiani (UNI), Castella Postale 185, I-10100 Torino.

## NEW ZEALAND

National organisation: New Zealand Nudist Federation, Inc. (NZNF), P.O. Box 1359, Wellington, New Zealand.

## NORWAY

National Organisation: Norsk Nudist Forbund (NNF), Box 194, N-1322 Hovik.

## PORTUGAL

National Organisation: Federacao Portuguesa de Naturismo, Praca de Sao Bento 31, Lisboa 2.

## SPAIN

National Organisation: Federacion Espanola de Naturismo, Castel del Rey 99, Apartado 301, Almeria.

## SWEDEN

National Organisation: Sveriges Nudist Förbund (SNF), Box 4279, S-20314.

## U.S.A.

Two National Organisations:  
American Sunbathing Association, Inc., 810 North Mills Avenue, Orlando/Florida 32803. Tel. (305) 896-8141.  
National Nudist Council, R.B.2 Tippecanoe, Ohio 44699, U.S.A.

## FREE BEACHES OF EUROPE

For detailed information write to: Phil Vallack, 37 West End, March, Cambridgeshire PE15 8DN.

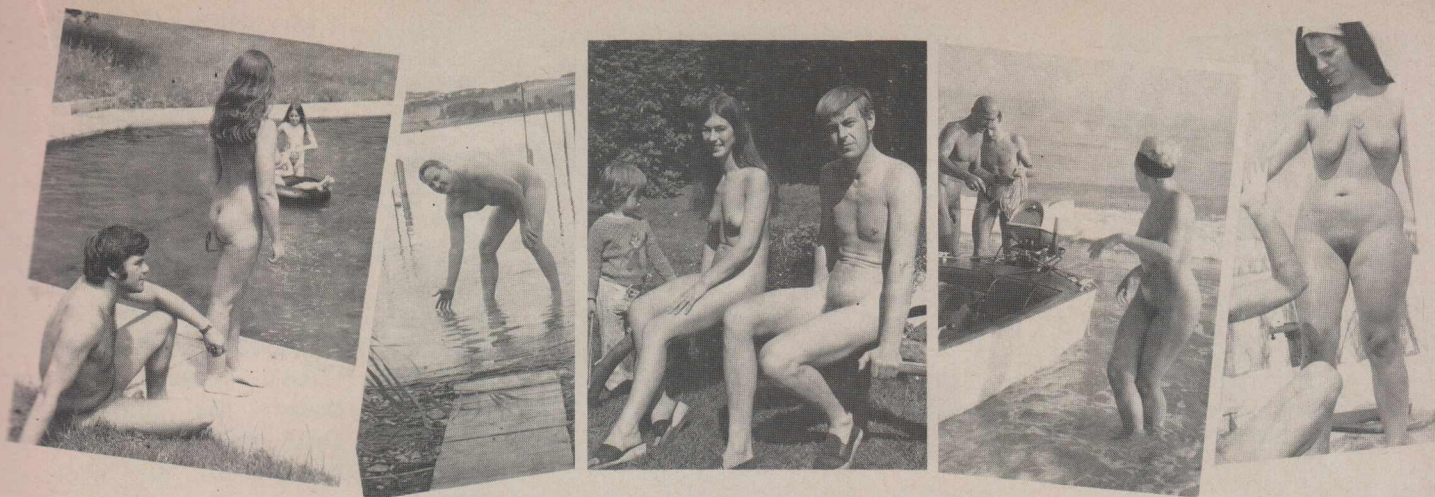
## FREE PUBLICITY

We are prepared to give your club an illustrated feature in this magazine provided you have reasonable grounds and some facilities to offer future members and/or visitors.

But we do want to photograph your grounds with some members present. We feel that ideally, young couples, perhaps with children, give the best picture of club life.

If you are interested, write now to the Editor, Health and Efficiency, 23/24 Smithfield Street, London E.C.1.





# INTERNATIONAL NATURIST NEWS

## Nudism is for everyone

Mr. Geoffrey Nicolson, of London, is a disabled naturist and feels that everyone should have access to naturism beaches.

It particularly upsets him when the access to a beach makes it impossible to go there in a wheelchair. He protested to the local council over the Isle of Sheppey beach, and is now grateful that the access is much improved. He has got the M.P. Reg Prentiss interested in his cause, as Mr. Prentiss also believes that no-one should be denied recreational activities because they are disabled.

Readers who can offer support to Geoffrey Nicolson, or who are disabled themselves, can contact him at 01 883 2441. They may also wish to contact the North London Naturist Swimming and Social Club, as the latter are sympathetic to disabled naturists. Ring Mr. Edwards on 01 802 3722.

## Valuable back numbers

How long have you been reading H. & E? How many back

numbers have you got?

A collector in Germany, Herr Karlwilli Damm, of the International FKK-Bibliothek, is keen to buy certain back numbers. Send the list of copies you have available to Herr Karlwilli Damm, at this office, and we will forward it to him.

## That Beach in Scotland

In spite of all the work done by Charlotte Peters, the P.R.O. for the Central Council for British Naturism, the official free beach at Gailies is no longer available for naturist use.

Charlotte was so upset at the lack of support she received from fellow naturists, afraid of recognition, that she has wryly offered a fiver to the writer of the best excuse for not backing her up.

She has thrown out a challenge — but already has had replies. One writer said he knew nothing about it!

## Two New Beaches in Holland

The first is 40 km away from the naturist resort Flevo-Natur,

which can be visited without an INF card. The beach is opposite the town Elburg, between Amersfoort and Zwolle. Its exact situation is between the restaurant 'De Klink' and a textile camp site called 'Riviere-camping.'

The second is the so-called 'E-3 strand' near the village of Eersel, south-west of Eindhoven.

## News from Beau Valley

Although the days are still warm in the South African winter, the mountain water in the swimming pool is icy. So a small but pleasant indoor pool, with a sauna, has been installed so that members of the club may enjoy their naturism all the year round.

Beau Valley considers itself a nature-resort, as well as a naturist resort, and the chairman has taken up the cause of Brigitte Bardot — that of protecting threatened baboons. Beau Brummel says the baboons can come and live at Beau Valley with the other wildlife. And the naturists, of course.

## Naturism in Norway

According to the Norwegian law, nude bathing on the beaches is not specifically illegal, but the INF and the Norsk Naturist-forbund advise caution near crowded places and private grounds.

Further information about naturism in Norway can be obtained from: Norsk Naturist-forbund, Postboks 189, Sentrum, Oslo 1.

## Help needed in Austria

Austrian naturists are running an all-out campaign to persuade their government to be more tolerant of naturism, and they ask naturists everywhere to send letters to them, proving how beneficial naturism is, so that they can show such letters to their government.

So if you have any experience at all — are you a shop-keeper whose business has improved with naturists nearby? — have tourists increased in your area since naturist facilities have been provided? — write it all down and send it to: Mr. Frits Strobl, Eckpergasse 29, A-1180 Wien.



It was earlier in the summer when one member of our H. & E. staff said to another: 'You can't possibly be a naturist. You're too white!' Not affronted in the least, the young lady in question replied: 'I'm too busy writing to get out in the sun. Anyway,' she added, 'when I go out the sun goes in!' 'That's because the sun doesn't like competition!' came the witty response. Nonetheless, the following story was found later in the day on the editorial desk.





# FAIR-SKINNED BRITISH BEAUTY

**M**Y name is José and, until very recently, naturism in my country—Spain—was practically non-existent. Also, I was unattached and didn't dare suggest nude sunbathing to any young ladies that I met.

So I decided to go on holiday in France. I chose Agde as my resort. So—I have a conventional

streak!

It was the most marvellous holiday of my life. It wasn't because everyone was naked. It was the spirit of camaraderie, of friendship. By the end of the first day I had made dozens of friends.

One couple in particular took me under their wing. He was

called Bill and her name was Nina and they lived near, of all places, Birmingham.

Now Nina has a very sensitive skin. She can't stay in the sun for longer than ten minutes at a time. She kept saying sorry about it. 'I feel such a fool,' she smiled. 'But Bill was so keen on this holiday I came to keep him company.'

But I didn't think Nina was a fool at all. I thought she was beautiful.

You see, in my country a deep sun-tan is nothing rare. We dark-eyed people tan very easily. It only takes a few days just going about our ordinary business for the skin to darken.

Did you know the saying 'blue blood' came from my country? You see, in the old days, to have a tan was the sign of a peasant. If you spent all day working in the fields in the Spanish sunshine, your face, arms and hands were soon the colour of dark leather. If you looked at your wrist you wouldn't be able to see your veins under the sun-tan.

But the aristocracy never went out in the sun. Ladies would take a parasol with them wherever they went—and would-be ladies did too! Their skin remained so







fair the veins on their wrists appeared faintly blue and mauve.

So if you had blue blood in your veins you never had to work and were part of the upper classes.

It seemed to me that Nina was as white and fair as one of the great ladies of old. Her skin had a pale pink sheen at times, like the

petals of your English wild roses. I must admit that I was a little in love with her. . .

We talked for hours, under her big beach umbrella, while Bill was off sailing and swimming. I began to think that Birmingham must be one of Britain's most lugubrious places!

The three of us got so friendly

that Nina and Bill invited me to come and stay with them in England. I must say I was a bit disappointed in their home town!

They took me to their sun-club with them. I had such a welcome—everyone was asking me about the Spanish beaches and how could they find deserted places? 'I want to get a good sun-tan!'

said one young lady.

Yes, there were many fair-skinned beauties at your British club. I tried to persuade them to stay as they were, but it was no good. I spent hours talking to them.

And ended up a little in love with them all!







For our readers' photographic competitions we are now into colour. But we all know there are good and bad colour pictures. How are the good ones made? What special steps should you take to get the best results. Murray James continues his advice and guidance.

# USE COLOUR WISELY

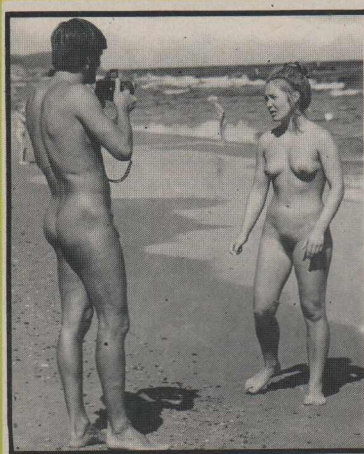
AS we explained last month, we are now inviting you to send us your colour *prints* for our readers' photographic competitions. Already we have enough to start off the competition. We are surprised and delighted to have one entry (a prize winner too) from as far away as South America.

Until we can build up sufficient stock of colour prints it may be necessary every now and again to revert to black and white. Since we are trying to replace the black and white with colour, we ask readers to send no more black and white prints. We have enough in stock.

When selecting prints for us, will you please get them processed to a glossy or smooth finish. Avoid textured surfaces which our printers assure us reproduce less well than the smooth variety.

So now let us continue to describe what we will be looking for in the prize winners. Sunshine is always highly desirable, but not essential. Typical naturist surroundings are also highly desirable. While they are not banned, we tend to reject indoor shots. We know that indoor naturism is fine, but for the competition we like to see attractive outdoor locations.

You must put your name and address on the back of *every* print. And also on the back, if possible, a brief description tell-



## PHOTO CLUB

Our competitions are open to all readers. There are three categories where the prizes are: First £12, Second £8 and Third £5. They are **Female Beauty**, **Group Pictures** and **Men**. In addition there is a **Special Class** to cover any other Naturist subject. You must put your name and address on the back of every print or attached to the cover of your colour slide. Also, we must have your assurance that the subject agrees to publication. Remember, we have now switched to colour. You can send us colour prints or transparencies, black and white are no longer required. Prints are not returned. Slides are, if you enclose postage.

ing us where the picture was taken, who is in it and where it was taken. If you want to add any more information—that is welcome too. We do not propose to return any prints. They will all be kept together and each and every one reviewed each month. So, if you don't win a prize the first time around you will still remain in the contest month after month. Every now and again we will clear out the ones we know haven't a chance.

Now the great thing about colour pictures is, of course, the colour. So try to use it sensibly. Recently a reader sent me a batch of colour pictures—some of his wife and some of himself. You will see the picture of his wife we selected for a prize in this month's contest. It is immediately recognisable from the

variety of colour in the waterfall behind her. The blue reflected from the sky provides an interesting and decorative background and does a lot to add interest to the picture.

Unfortunately, all the pictures of him I had to reject. Why? It was not because he was any less attractive as a figure than his wife. There was nothing wrong with the exposure, the processing or pose. But there was something wrong—the pictures were all uniformly dreary. Apart from the figure, the entire picture seemed to be dominated by various tints of the green grass, shrubs and trees surrounding him. There was no variety of colour. Perhaps if the pictures had been taken from a slightly lower angle the blue of the sky might have been introduced.

And if there were some fluffy white cumulus clouds as well—so much the better. As it was, we had an almost monochrome effect. That's not the way to use colour.

But beware the other extreme. I know I have mentioned it before, but too much colour in too much variety can just as surely kill a picture. The excess of colour becomes overpowering and relegates the figure to a lesser role, especially if the photographer makes the figure only a small part of the display. For that is always the temptation when we have a figure in a garden of beautiful flowers. But remember—it's the figure we are after.

Introducing colour interest is sometimes essential. After all, most beach locations are pretty boring. They can be livened up with a colourful beachball or sunshade. Even towels serve the purpose well. So next time you are buying a household towel, look around for something colourful.

Another way to introduce colour is not to be too much of a puritan with regard to naturist photography. By that I mean we don't have to reject all clothing. All we reject is concealment. If you have a colourful piece of material that will add to the picture—then use it.

You can do this most effectively by using complementary colours—sometimes known as opposites. Most of you will have heard of warm and cold colours. Generally blues and greens are regarded as 'cold.' On the other hand, reds and yellows are 'warm.' All you have to do is bring them together.

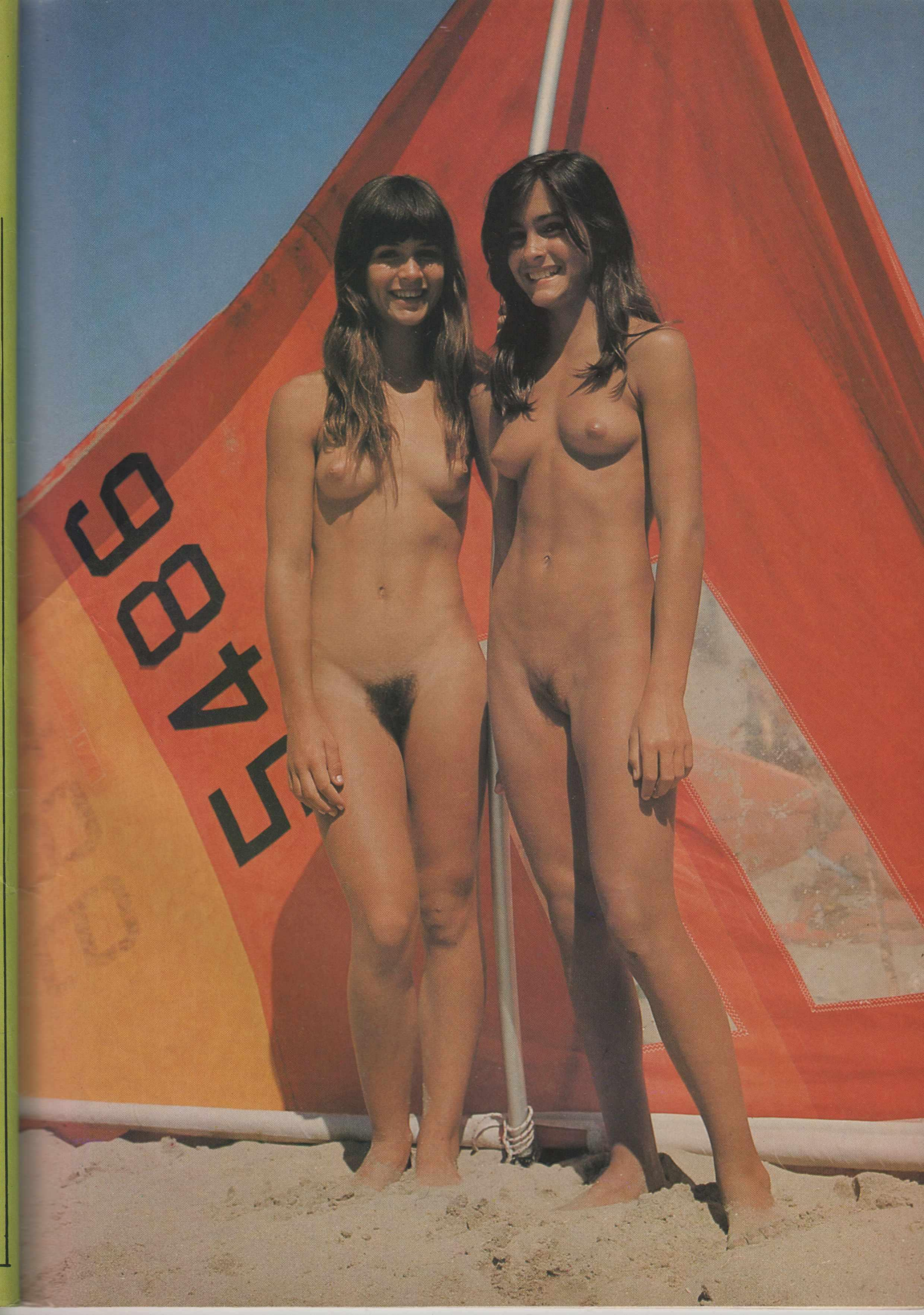
For instance, consider the pictures I discussed earlier—where the greens of nature so dominated they made the picture dreary. To warm it up all that would have been needed would be some large red element. A cloak held behind the figure perhaps? Or a warm coloured beach umbrella? Use your imagination.

And don't be afraid to introduce a bit of whimsy or even fantasy if it helps. So there is a colourful kid's Indian head-dress of feathers nearby. Use it—for one or two pictures anyhow



Ladies—put your books away and start taking photos.







## READERS' PHOTO CONTEST

### MONEY FOR YOUR SNAPS

**L**ET us start right away with the women. First prize of £12 goes to Mr. C. W. Green of Newark for his delightful study taken beside a river in Wales. It is a beautifully conceived and arranged picture with nice contrasts of light and shade. The colour is plentiful yet takes second place to the figure. Note how well the hair stands out against the black of the shadow background.

Next, in second place, and collecting a prize of £8, we have a picture of Carla taken by husband Henrique. The beach is identified on the back of the print as Jurere Beach. However, you are not likely to use it. It is located in South America near Carla's home town of Florianopolis in Brazil. One small criticism—the horizon is sloping down to the right. Where water is concerned you should be especially careful to get it level.

Finally Stewart Swindon of Scotland picks up the third prize of £5 for his picture taken on Montalivet beach in France. A simple and delightful picture that takes full advantage of contrasting sand and sky colours.

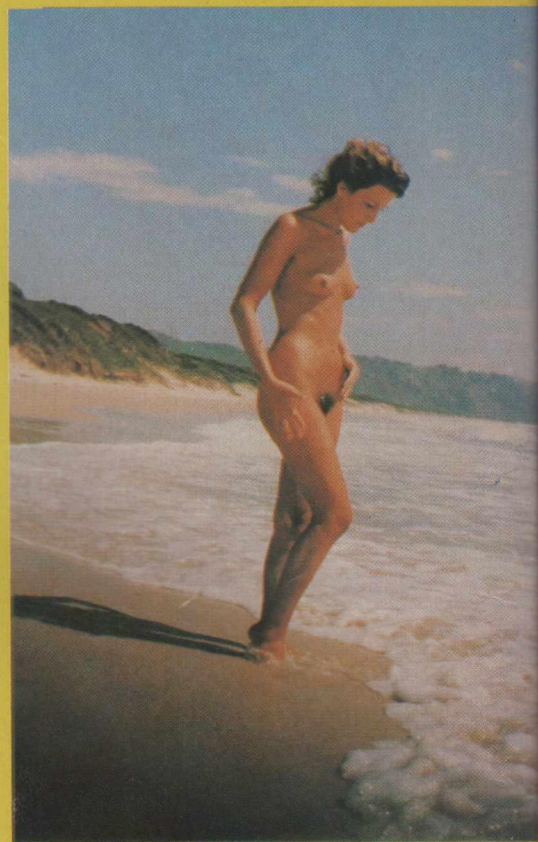
First prize in the Men's Section goes to Pierre Riondelet of Bourg St. Andeol in France for his delightful picture of relation Bernard from Germany. Picture taken at the caravan park in Agde. Runner-up is a picture taken by keen competitor Larry Knight at Montalivet. And, finally, Mrs. G. M. Green collects third prize for this picture of her husband deep in the woods.

In the Group Section, the members of the Yorkshire Club take over. First prize goes to the group on the steps, second to the general view of the grounds, and third to the two members who supplied the pictures.

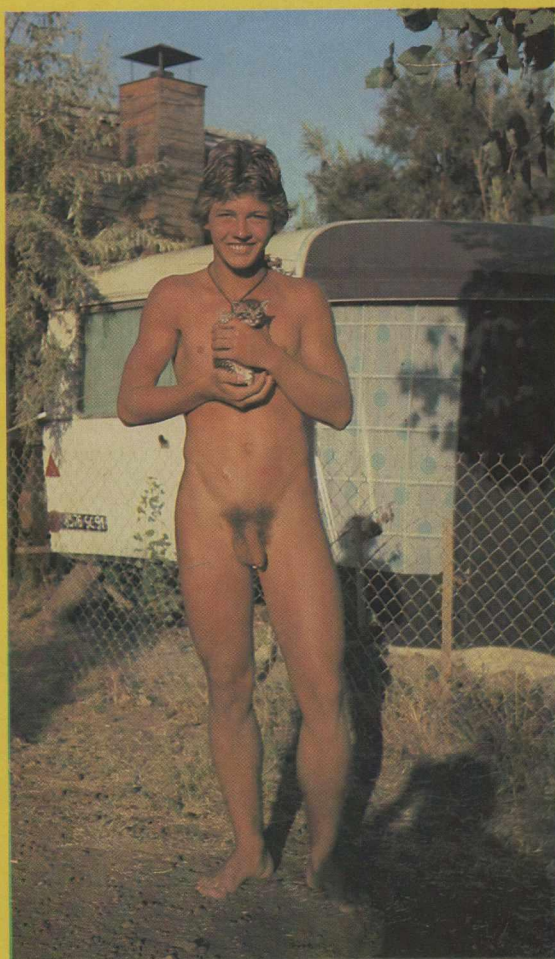


**FIRST** Superb use of sunlight makes this a winner of £12.

## Female Form



**SECOND** £8 goes to South America—pity about that sky-line.



**FIRST** True naturist picture picks up £12 for French reader.

## Male Nude



**SECOND** Off go my trunks at Montalivet!



# Groups & Families



**THIRD** Thirsty work, this modelling!  
Scottish reader wins £5.



**FIRST** Happy naturists on pavilion steps at Yorkshire Club.



**SECOND** Same venue—but why are so many dressed?



**THIRD** Green foliage makes a good  
background for skin tones.



**THIRD** Could be improved by photographer moving closer, missing the trees.



## LETTER OF THE MONTH

**I** FIND myself thinking more and more that the people who really benefit and can freely and fully enjoy naturism are the children of naturist parents. They are being brought up by parents who do not fill their minds with ideas about the naked body being shameful, nudity and sex being immoral and frowned upon by religion.

Everyone should be free to do their own thing. There is too much conformity—people are very set in their ways and reluctant to change.

It has taken me a long time to tear myself away from a very religious background. I was brought up to believe that so many things were wrong. I started to change when I started work, but even at the age of 23 I needed a raincoat to cover me walking down to an ordinary textile beach in my trunks!

Going nude on the beaches of Devon is much better!

Fred Anderson

34, Bramham Drive,  
Jennyfields Estate,  
Harrogate.

### SPANISH HOTEL

**I** RECENTLY spent two weeks in Torremolinos, Costa del Sol, Spain, and noted that many women were sunning themselves top-free, causing no disturbance to the general public and other

bathers and beach attendants were unconcerned.

Therefore it must be quite common now.

Further, I visited the terrace of the Hotel Castillo de Santa Clara where a section is cordoned off for nudist sun-bathing and is publicly shown on a poster in the hotel itself. The section is called Adam and Eve. I think the hotel is pictured in the Thomsons Brochure.

P. V. Taylor

Hollin Lane,  
Middleton,  
Manchester.

# Readers Letters

addressed to 'Health & Efficiency',  
PEENHILL LIMITED,  
PAYNE HOUSE,  
23/24 SMITHFIELD STREET,  
LONDON E.C.1.

Unfortunately it is impossible for us to publish all the letters we receive. Since we have to make a selection, preference will be given to those who type their letters and add their names and addresses for publication. We feel the time has come to eliminate the practice of anonymity. If you are ashamed of your naturism, why write to us?

### PROMOTING BEACHES

**I** WOULD like to say something about free beaches and how nudists can get them recognised. If we want to see beaches officially established, we have to show that we are interested, and that means every nudist, whether he's a member of a club or not.

We must make an effort to visit the beaches regularly throughout the season, otherwise when applications are made to councils they are likely to reply that not enough nudists have been seen on the beaches in question.

The majority of visitors to coastal resorts are non-nudists, and they bring the most money into the resorts, so the councils will not want to offend them. But if there is a noticeable increase in nudists using the resorts, they will have to be granted privileges and facilities.

So that the public might see the strength of the nudist movement in this country, I would like to suggest that once a year we choose a day when all nudists, club members or not, will visit their nearest naturist beach to celebrate the nudist movement. The CCBN could be there, and club officials, to give information to those wishing to join the movement.

An annual event such as this could be called 'National Nudist Day' and could then be celebrated in those countries where nudism is recognised throughout the world.

Croydon,  
Surrey.

N.S.

### NUDE BEAUTY

**A**T home we find the various beauty contests compulsive viewing on television, and have sometimes commented that instead of the somewhat contrived swimsuits often worn, it would really be fairer if all the girls had to appear in simple two-piece outfits.

But Miss Nude Galaxy goes to the ultimate of complete nudity, though, of course, within the limits of a nudist enclosure. You state that such contests are well established in the American nudist clubs, and I should like to request that you publish more about how they are run—with full photo coverage of course! Miss Nude Galaxy seems a well-organised large-scale contest for an ordinary club event, and so





many splendid contestants can hardly come from one club. The girls pose and parade with such self-assurance that they surely must have had plenty of previous experience in such contests.

Tom Palmer

10, Orme Court,  
London W.2.

### SOCIETY'S MORALS

**W**HAT a hypocritical society we live in! There is all this outcry about pornographic literature, and such publications that are tolerated are hidden away on the top shelf in every newsagent's shop, so as not to corrupt minors, who probably know what it is all about anyway. Poor old H. & E. has to suffer the indignity of being placed among them! So what kind of mentality considers that one of the educational publications is so informative and above board that it may be placed on the lower racks for everyone to read, and is also heavily publicised? And yet, if you glance through its pages, you will see explicit diagrams and photographs explaining how to perform oral sex and other functions which, in any other magazine, would be called obscene!

I am a single man nudist, and I am so fed up to the teeth with the 'female and couple' mentality of clubs that I have been going it alone very successfully now for some years. I also believe in fighting for the principles of Naturism whenever possible, and therefore if you decide to print this letter I do not mind you printing my name and address.

Stuart G. Kitchiner

45 Station Road,  
Flitwick, Bedford.

### NUTS AND NUDIES

**T**IME and time again, people think it would be a good idea if such-and-such beach was made official. But they never think of standing up for what they believe in. Their attitude is—let someone else have a go.

Our message is simple. Stand up and be counted! Either you believe in being a naturist, or you don't. We get 'Sorry, I can't help you, old chap, if my mother found out she would never forgive me,' or 'What would they say at work?' or 'All sorts of cranks will ring me up.'

Our answer to all those nudies who hide behind the high walls of a club—come out now. Come out from behind the hedgerows now while the public is in the mood for naturism. With all the publicity we have had so far, we have had only a handful of nuts ring us up and dozens of letters, not one of them bad, so our

message is: Come on, let's wave the nudie flag NOW!

Nudity is now accepted, it's in the press, it's on T.V., hoardings, everywhere you go, the permissive age is here, now is the time to bang the drum harder. It takes hard work and a lot of patience if you are going to fight for naturist beaches. Form that group on a beach somewhere, advertise in the local paper, and when the sun comes out, the phone will ring, letters will come through the door and you are on your way!

Have a go. We did, and now we are 600 strong.

Pamela and Bill  
Victoria Sun Beach Club,  
Lincolnshire.

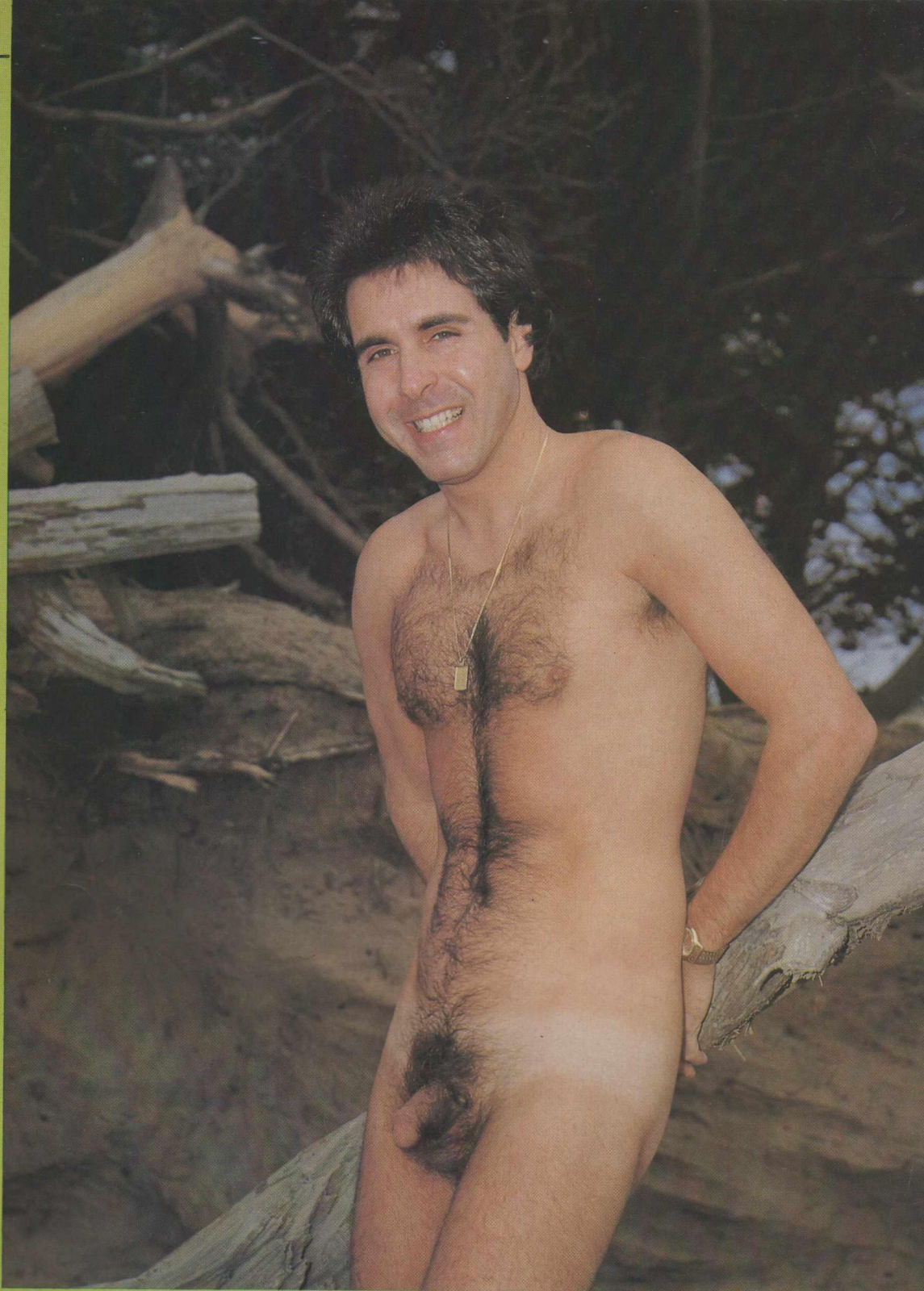
### JANE AGAIN!

**I** WOULD like to congratulate H. & E. for its super feature on divinity student Jane Barry. When you have such a true life Cinderella story plus such an excellent subject as Jane, I guess that it is easy to turn out a terrific issue. Well done, Jane Barry, for choosing naturism. Well done, H. & E. for bringing such a story to your readers. It was by far the most honest and sincere article on naturism that I have ever read. H. & E.'s editor should be congratulated for encouraging such articles. Keep up the good work and soon we will have more Jane Barrys becoming naturists thanks to the continuing excel-

lent efforts of H. & E. in the field of encouraging the universal acceptance of social nakedness.

I am very pleased to hear that future issues of H. & E. will have photos of Jane, but I would be more interested to know whether a career as a naturist model and good-will ambassador for naturism has affected her life as a divinity student. That, in itself, would make for very interesting reading.

I would like to extend my personal congratulations to Jane in her new career as a naturist model. As it often happens, persistence is always rewarded. In Jane's case, her persistence paid off in modelling contracts and other related successes.





These benefits are short-lived compared to those of naturism which Jane has recently come to embrace. Yes, Jane is a very lucky person. It could not have happened to a nicer person. All naturists are lucky to have people like Jane as new advocates of naturism; these are the kind of people who are naturism's greatest strength and hope for the future.

Best of success in your studies, Jane, and may you enjoy continued success in your life as a missionary and naturist.

David Finch  
Montreal, Canada.

*(Jane's fellow students are genuinely pleased about her success.—Ed.)*

### SCHOOLBOY'S LAMENT

I AM 16 and have recently discovered H.&E. I have always had urges towards naturism but never got round to trying it. At school, a public school for boys only, I used to look forward to the gym and swimming lessons so I could see the other children naked. We even used to have mock wrestling matches.

There ought to be more photos of young bodies. I know you have legal problems but—!

I have never seen a nude woman or girl. I love the photographs in the magazine, though some of them are a bit model-like. My parents are Christians

and are strictly against nudism. I think that's wrong. Here am I, sixteen years old, and never seen a naked woman, except for those in magazines. Please try to include more pictures of youngsters to encourage us teenagers.

One day there will perhaps be an English naturist island, which will be wholly naturist, and people can walk round all day in the nude.

Phillip Walker

*(Keep reading, Phillip, we can manage pictures of sixteen-year-olds. It's the pictures of little girls the censors get hot under the collar about. Meanwhile, why don't you try a visit to the Ile de Levant?—Ed.)*

### CONVERTED COUPLE

I HAVE a converted van, so my wife and I decided to spend our two weeks holiday in the vicinity of Swanage and Studland Bay.

As this was our first try at nudism in public, we were not sure what to expect. (I think most non-naturist's idea of free beaches is of naked men with perpetual erections chasing defenceless maidens!)

When we arrived it was a glorious day, but no signs of nude swimmers, so we went on through the sand dunes and eventually sat down, deciding the



magazine had got it wrong. My wife took off her top and we sunbathed for an hour or so. I got up to have a look around and, to my surprise, not two hundred yards away, a naked couple were strolling hand in hand. We quickly gathered our things and moved ½ mile or so along the beach. Soon we saw numerous people, all nude, lounging in the sunshine, swim-

ming or playing on the beach.

We soon found a place, and trying to appear unconcerned, removed our clothes. Now, whatever some people say, there is quite a difference between stripping in the privacy of home and on an open public beach. Although we had both by then acquired a respectable tan, I felt very conspicuous and aware of the attention any newcomer to the beach receives. Whether or not it was the delicious sense of freedom, or exposure to the hot sunshine, I don't know, but to my horror I felt the familiar surging sensation. A hastily grabbed towel covered my embarrassment, to the obvious amusement of a nearby group of sunbathers!

We spent twelve out of fourteen days on the beach, all day, enjoying the freedom of naturism and the company of other nudists. This year we have booked a naturist camping holiday at La Grande Cosse. I am hoping to see an article in H.&E. featuring this particular place as we would like to know what a completely naturist camping holiday involves. Does it mean that we please ourselves whether we go nude all, or part of the time, and also if La Grande Cosse is an established nudist area?

Wishing your marvellous magazine continuing success.

A. Jones

Tadworth, Surrey.

*(You can expect a detailed report on La Grande Cosse early next year.—Ed.)*





## PURITANICAL JERSEY

**H**AVING just purchased Vol. 81, No. 4 of H.&E. today, I feel I must send this letter. Firstly, to answer the Foreword of 'Readers' Letters' where you state that preference will be given to those who type their letters, and add their names and address for publication. The foreword goes on to say that if ONE is ashamed of their Naturism, why write?

I do not wish to have my name and address published, NOT because I am ashamed of Nudism or Naturism, but because I live in JERSEY. Jersey is the one place in the world, and I've travelled the world several times, where the mention of 'TOPLESS' or NATURISM sends a powerful group of tiny minded, Gnomes, into a hurried huddle to try and get the offenders repatriated or expelled out of the Island.

I have never in my life seen such opposition to anything that does not satisfy this little group, and they are a law unto themselves.

Last summer, some visitors from Denmark went to a beach and started to sunbathe TOPLESS. All hell broke loose and it became headlines in the local paper. We, the public, were immediately informed that such things would not be tolerated in this Island. Please, please don't try to get a nude beach over here, or we will all be issued with blinkers, OR sent to jail for collaboration and subversive activities.

I hope you will print this latter if just to let the outside world know what it is like to live in a strict puritan society, without any say about their own wishes.

P.S.—I am most surprised that we are able to obtain H. & E. and that it has been banned because of the frontal male nudes in it.

St. Hellier,  
Jersey.

K.J.C.

## NEW VENTURE

**Y**OUR correspondent, Peter Sackley (Vol. 81, No. 4) mentions facilities for nudist campers and caravanners. As both a nudist and a businessman, I have for some time been actively seeking such a caravan, camping and maybe chalet site, suitable for purchase and devevelopment mainly or exclusively for nudists.

The promoting company would be financed largely by the nudist community, who would therefore own a share of the action and benefit from dividends, reduced rates, etc.

I hope my advertisement appears in this issue, in which





interested people are invited to request further information. From the response of readers the amount of interest in the venture can be assessed.

John Martin  
34, Hargreaves Drive,  
Newport, Gwent.

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

in Health & Efficiency costs 25p per word—minimum charge £6.00 per insertion, with a minimum 3 insertions. Box Numbers count as two words and cost an extra 50p to cover administration and postage. All advertisements must be prepaid and sent to:

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LONDON E.C.1.

**Male Nativist**, London, modern house, garden (nude sunbathing) required male lodger (16-25). Low-cost short stays also available. Please send personal details, age, interests, photo.—Box No. 1866.

**Young Man** seeks companion and rendezvous for occasional private nudist evenings. London area preferred. Photo and age please.—Box No. 1862.

**International Family Nudist 1980 Yearbook** Glorifying families with children, secundum naturam. Other parents and reputable photographers please write: Marc and Linda, 5229 Grand, Downers, IL, 60515, USA.

**Fast, Careful Processing Service** for nudist and confidential colour films. Confidentiality guaranteed always. C D S Photoservices, 34 High Street, Welwyn, Hertfordshire. (S.A.E. for lists please).

**Central London Amateur Photographer** seeks young guy for nudist photos. Not for publication. Experience unnecessary. Please send photos and details.—Box No. 1863.

**Make Friends All Over The World**—International Correspondence Club—write to (S.A.E.): Lisa's Letterbox, 22 Montpellier Road, London W5, England.

**Nial Reynolds** relaxes, reduces tension, increases happiness, through natural deep relaxation. 15 Minute Relaxation Cassette, six different sessions £5.75. Sold worldwide, leaflet free. Dr. N. Reynolds PhD., Dept. HE, 408 London Road South, Lowestoft, Suffolk NR33 0BH.

**Young Nativist Couple** would like to swap nude/nativist/glamour five photos/slides with other couples with similar interests.—Please write enclosing prints/slides to Box No. 1857.

**Unhurried Massage and Deep Relaxation** is an art. For comfort and privacy visit a fully qualified Masseuse, aged 49, in her peaceful London flat.—Box No. 1858.

**Young, quiet, genuine Male Nativist** (25), Ipswich, Suffolk, would like non-smoking Nativist Girlfriend, 18-27, for true friendship, with view to marriage. Would consider moving area.—Box No. 1856.

**Confidential**. Black/white processing. Hand printed. 20 exp. £4, 36 exp. £6.50, post free.—J. Parr, 7, Roi-Mar, Throop Road, Bournemouth BH8 0EG.

**Ibiza**. Sunbathing paradise. Furnished Villa with three bedrooms and Flats for sale.—Apartado 276, Sta Eulalia, Ibiza, or 'phone Maidenhead 71315 for info.

**Young Couple** (24), non-smokers, interested Nativism, Photography, Friendship, seek similar. Under 30.—Box No. 1847.

**Young Males and Females (16-22)** wanted for modelling, no experience necessary. Good fee paid. Photo please. Young amateur photographer, Bournemouth/Southampton area.—Box No. 1859.

**Male** (31), single, considerate, seeks attractive female partner for visits to Free Beaches, etc., Surrey.—Box No. 1860.

**Vacancies Families and Couples**. Regular nudist swimming, sauna and leisure centre activities.—Application by letter only (S.A.E.), Chester Nativist Club, 31 Market Street, Hoylake, Wirral, Merseyside.

**Nativist Youth Group** (age 16-27) welcomes newcomers. Nativist weekends, holidays, social meetings, etc. State age, interests. Photo appreciated—returned. Literature 4 x 10p stamps.—Box No. 1798.

**Inexpensive**, confidential friendship/marriage introductions. All ages/interests. Personal, discreet service.—Details from Gadshill, Waterside Lane, Gillingham, Kent.

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**Surrey Downs Sun Club**. Couples and Families welcome.—Contact Membership Secretary, 80A Brox Road, Ottershaw, Surrey. Please enclose 4 x 10p stamps.

**Will Process and Print** your films privately and confidentially. 35mm-120 films, e.g. 5" x 3 1/2", 24 in colour, £5.50; black and white, £4.20. 20 P. & P.—C.W.O. F.A.B., P.O. Box No. 3, Newport, Salop.

**Confidential**. Black/White processing, 12 exp. £3.60, 20 exp. £5.20, 36 exp. £8.40. Hand printed.—Charles W. Gridley, 18 Moss Road, South Ockendon, Essex, RM15 6HR.

**Own a Share** in nudist caravan and camping holiday site company. S.A.E. for free information without obligation.—Martin, 34 Hargreaves Drive, Newport, Gwent.

**Corton Nativist Beach**, 2 miles. Bed-Breakfast, tea making facilities, £42.—'Ellingham' Guest House, Marine Parade, Lowestoft. Tel. 82483.

**The White House** is a nudist club in East Surrey with a 12-bedroomed house, heated pool, tennis, badminton and volley ball courts, sauna. Open all the year round. Vacancies for families and couples. Two 12p stamps for brochure.—Box No. 1850.

**Southern Youth Group**. Run by young nudists. Meetings/Penfriends. Age limit 16-25. Shy beginners welcome. 2 x 12p stamps.—Box No. 1824.

**Amazing secrets for self-mastery and health**. Become the most wanted lover all your life.—Send S.A.E. to Paghe, 42 Bertie Road, London, NW10, indicating whether male or female.

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**Lone Male Nativist** would like to meet others (both sexes) sharing the same interest. Age immaterial though the advertiser is in early fifties. West Midlands (Dudley - Wolverhampton - Stourbridge) area.—Box No. 1849.

**P.I.P.P.** (Personal Introductions for Professional People) offers a specialised and selective introduction service for professional and executive people.—For details send S.A.E. to P.I.P.P., P.O. Box 1, West Kirby, Merseyside D48 3LA.

**Male** (21), keen newcomer to Nativism, wishes to correspond with other young newcomers (18-24) living in Lancashire/Greater Manchester/Cheshire/Yorkshire areas, with view to arranging visits to Nativist locations.—Box No. 1848.

**Wrestling with loneliness**. Intimate, discreet friendship introductions. Nationwide service.—Details from: Gemini (HE), Gads Hill/Waterside Lane, Gillingham, Kent.

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**Dear Sir**. I am a male, age 33, and wish to meet a female, age in the twenties, for nudist holidays and weekends for companionship.—Apply Box No. 1854.

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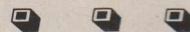
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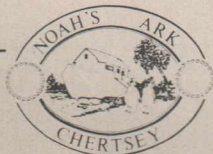
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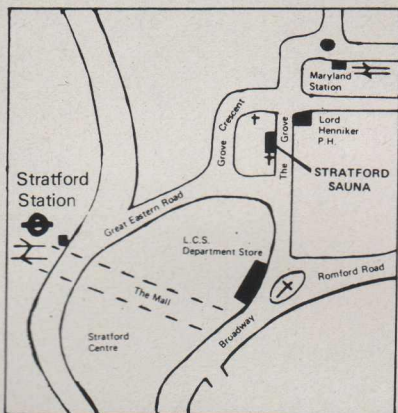
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